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& A. Memento

of  
P. (1<sup>st</sup>) L. V. Granger

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**MEMOIRS**  
OF  
**FANNY NEWELL;**

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND PUBLISHED

AT HER PARTICULAR REQUEST, AND THE DESIRE  
OF NUMEROUS FRIENDS.

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“ And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit  
doth rejoice in God my Saviour.”—*Luke*, i. 46, 47.

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**SECOND EDITION,**  
*With Corrections and Improvements.*

TO WHICH ARE NOW ADDED, NUMEROUS INTERESTING LET-  
TERS, AND A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF HER  
LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

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Published by O. SCOTT and E. F. NEWELL.

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**Springfield :**  
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1832.

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ADVERTISEMENT  
TO THE  
SECOND EDITION.

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THE first edition of these Memoirs was put to press in the Spring of 1824. Mrs. Newell died on the 17th of April; between which time and the first of June, her Memoirs were printed. In consequence of the great haste in which this edition was printed, (that it might be out before the next session of the New England Conference,) it was imperfect in two respects:—first, all her letters, and a considerable part of her journal toward the close, were necessarily excluded, by fixing the plan of the book too small in the beginning; and secondly, what was published was put to press in a very imperfect state. The edition, however, imperfect as it was, consisting of two thousand copies, was soon sold off, and the work has been several years out of print. Numerous and pressing calls from all parts of the country, have led the publishers to resolve on printing another edition. The present edition contains at least *one quarter* more matter than the first, and

the old matter is in an improved state. The new matter in this edition consists of numerous interesting letters, several pages of the closing part of her journal, together with a particular account of her last sickness and death. The whole has been carefully revised and prepared for the press, by *an experienced hand*.

Wholesale purchasers will be supplied on very liberal terms.

THE PUBLISHERS.

*Springfield, April 17, 1832.*

## MEMOIRS, & c.

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June 10th, 1818.

COME near, all ye who fear God, and I will declare unto you what the Lord has done for my soul.

It is the love of my great Redeemer, that constrains me to write. All glory be given to the Lord in the highest.

“*Salvation!* O the joyful sound,  
“What pleasure to our ears!  
“A sovereign balm for every wound,  
“A cordial for our fears.”

I was born in Sidney, in the county of Kennebec, State of Maine, May 12th, 1793.

At a very early period of my life I was drawn to seek the living God. But alas! I rejected the many calls of this most merciful God, putting off the day of *repentance*, time after time, and still chose to run with the giddy multitude.

But having now obtained a feeling hope, and evangelical trust and confidence in God my Saviour, I for my own satisfaction sit down to write a true history of my past experience. When quite young I can well remember my being awakened times without number; and at so very early a period of my life, that I, like young Samuel of old, did not know that it was the Lord.

At the early age of five, I was brought to think on *death*, by seeing one of my little companions dead, and laid by the side of the wall of the house. After attending the funeral of the child, I was afraid to go any where alone in the dark, or to be left alone, for fear I should see the corpse.

One day as I was alone, it came into my mind with great weight and power, You must pray or be *damned*. Although I had but little idea of *prayer*, yet without hesitating I arose from my amusement, and went to a window in the chamber where I was, and kneeled down and prayed, but how or for what I know not ; but this one thing I well know, I wept much, and thought it would be a dreadful thing to die unprepared. When I arose from my humble attitude, I felt calm, serene, easy and quiet in my mind for some time, and nothing seemed to cross me. One thing I remember, that when any of the children cried, I wondered how they could do so. But these tender impressions and comfortable feelings soon wore away, and I had a relish for childlike plays, and grew up in pride and vanity, for which I now mourn and lament.

At the age of between nine and ten my careless mind was again awakened by dreams, and many other ways ; some of which I think proper to mention. I went to the funeral of an aunt, who was peculiarly dear—a favorite friend of mine. I highly valued her. Hearing that she was dead affected me very much, but when I came to see her *corpse*, I was so struck, that my poor body shook and trembled, whilst tears were rolling down, and fast falling from my eyes ; and death, ghastly death appeared so terrifying to me that I wished I had never been born. My kind father tenderly endeavored to as-

suage my grief and told me not to cry so bitterly ; nevertheless his parental affection was insufficient to remove the terrors of death, that had sunk so deep into my youthful mind ; nor were they ever fully erased, until the Lord forgave my sins. And although lightness and vanity possessed my heart, yet these thoughts would often rush into my mind, and sink down into my heart, You must die and come to judgment. As I was returning from the funeral, I thought If my mother should die (who was then sick) what should I do ?

On my arrival at my father's house, I immediately retired to a secret place, and with a heart big with sorrow, said to myself, to-day I have been gazing on a spectacle, which is a complete looking-glass, in which I may look and see what I must shortly be. I viewed myself as on the brink of ruin, and I was filled with all the horrors of a guilty conscience, and was afraid to stay in the barn.

I then made many promises to amend my life, and began to reflect how, or in what manner I might reform ; and had some resolution to begin that very day. First, I thought I must be more obedient to my parents, and more loving to my brothers and sisters ; but alas, my goodness was like the morning cloud and the early dew, which soon vanishes away.

I wiped off my tears, and conviction soon left me, and by breaking off my good resolutions, I of course, ran deeper into sin, and became more than ever filled with lightness, vanity, and sins of many descriptions. Yet the good Spirit of the Lord did not leave me, but still strove with me time after time. I had the unspeakable privilege of hearing many powerful sermons, and enjoying many religious

advantages ; and many sorrowful hours and melancholy seasons did I pass. One day, even whilst I was in my merry career, all my former vows and resolutions came afresh into my mind, and those words, formerly spoken to me, came powerfully into my mind, and with redoubled weight and force sunk down into my heart ; *you must pray or be damned*. And I was immediately arrested and brought to a full stop. My blood chilled in my veins, and with great haste I retired to a secret place, with all my sins in view. I fell on my knees and cried, O Lord, save or I perish. I then arose, and thought to make good the resolutions, which I had before formed. I went home and passed a very restless night ; but O how painful for me to write, while I reflect how I slighted offered mercy, and rejected the counsel of God, against my own soul !

Soon I went to my old practices again. But the patient good Spirit of God did not leave me ; it followed me, crying in my ear, "this is the way, walk ye in it." But instead of following this good Spirit, I strove hard against it, and pursued closely after the vanities of the world, striving to satisfy my selfish desires, seeking after comfort and happiness in many ways. But whenever I had obtained this or that object, there was still an aching void, which the world can never fill ; and notwithstanding the many calls of God, which I have had from time to time, I was rushing hastily on in the broad frequented road that leads to *death*. My heart grew harder and harder, being more and more accustomed to rebel against God.

At length my parents were awakened to see their need of religion, and soon obtained a pardon of their *sins* and became members of the church.

This had some effect upon my mind. I was glad that they had obtained *mercy*.

The first night that my father set up the worship of God in his house, was a memorable night to me. He first took his *Bible*, and requested the children to sit down, and then told us what God had done for him, and his determination to serve him. He further stated, that he was sorry, that he had by example lead us so long in the paths of *vanity*, and that he had lived before us in revelling and mirth. But, said he, I am determined by the grace of God to lead a new life, and now begin by reading his holy word, which I have so long, to my confusion, neglected, and by setting up his worship in my house.

I heard all these particulars with great attention, and trembling took hold upon me; accordingly he read a chapter, and like David he said by practice, "Come, let us worship, let us bow down, let us kneel before the Lord." He then humbled himself upon his knees to pray. But O what heart rendings I then had; I could have freely cried aloud; but strove hard to hide my feelings, for fear of being discovered by my brothers and sisters. I stood near the chamber door, and as soon as he had closed his affecting prayer, I immediately retired to my chamber, and in groans and sighs passed the night. For a season I was greatly affected with a sight of my situation as a sinner, and often wished that I was in possession of a substantial hope and confidence in God, that would effectually take away the fear of death.

In this situation I went to a Friends' meeting, and heard a woman preach by the name of **THANKFUL HUZZY**. I was so much affected by what she said, that I could not refrain from weeping.—The first

words which she spoke, were, "Little children, a new commandment I give unto you, that you should love one another." I went home, and took my Bible, and read a number of chapters in the book of Psalms, which appeared beautiful to me beyond description. I cried out, why have I not read this book more!—resolving to read it every day. I was so much affected with what I had read, that I retired to a secret place, where I might give vent to sighs and longing desires for *salvation*. When I had reached the spot, I opened the good book, and read of the sufferings of Christ throughout to his death. I said within myself, If I had been there, I would not have thus cruelly treated him; I would have been his friend; I could not have mocked him, nor spit upon him, neither could I have done as the soldiers did, pierce him with a spear. Then it came into my mind, as if some one had spoken it to me by way of question, what are you better than they were? O! cried I, more like the penitent thief upon the cross, who said, "Lord, remember me." I strove to call on God for help, and then returned to the house, and opened the hymn book on these expressive lines;

"Come, thou fount of every blessing,  
"Tune my heart to sing thy praise;  
"Streams of mercy never failing,  
"Call for songs of loudest praise."

Woful to relate! after this I became an impenitent sinner, hair hung and breeze shaken over the gulf of ruin. I strove to hide myself under the cloak of fore-ordination, and at any time when I was disturbed with the thoughts of dying and going to Hell, I would often say to myself, if I am to be

saved, I shall be ; and if I am to be lost, I shall be ; and so I strove to lull conscience to rest.—But this was only a fig-leaf covering ; for although I rested considerably easy for some time, even when dangers alarmed me on either hand, saying if my time is come to die, I must die ; and if I am to suffer a violent death of any kind ; such as being torn in pieces by a bear of the woods, I cannot evade the decrees of God. With these, and like reflections, I could sometimes assuage my fears in a measure.

About this time my eldest sister became serious, and it was thought, that she experienced a change of heart at a quarterly meeting. She returned very much altered, and I was truly glad, and resolved to set out with her as soon as she should open the way by telling me her experience, as I expected she would, and that she would talk with me about my own soul's concern ; but to my surprise she did not. I watched her in every thing in hopes to learn something of the good way. For a while she was constant in secret prayer, and reading the sacred word of God ; but all her goodness was like the early dew, soon worn away, and she became more vain and light than before.

My father's faithfulness and good instructions from time to time affected my poor heart very much ; especially one circumstance. I retired to rest one evening before family prayer, but was awfully harassed all night, and notwithstanding this, I thought I would try it once more. Accordingly I retired to my lodging room at an early hour, as before, to see if it would affect me as formerly. I had but just laid down, when my father called out, "Girls, are you gone to bed?" "Yes sir," was the answer.—

“Well! what if you should awake in hell before morning?” My bed could hold me no longer; I arose and with hasty steps went into the room and stayed until after prayers, and then retired with my mind somewhat more calm and serene; and my fluttering heart more at ease.

At another time I dreamed that Satan was rocking me to sleep in a cradle. I awoke and my bed was shaking under me, and the whole house appeared to be rolling. I was much affrighted, and thought it was a reality. I arose in haste, and went into another room, and to my surprise found the family up. I asked, What is the matter? The reply was, “There is an earthquake.” It was over, and my affright in a measure was over also. O how did sin abound in my poor disordered soul—wild distraction reigned in my heart and life, whilst adding sin to sin; and thereby “treasuring up *wrath* against the day of wrath,” as saith the apostle Paul. My heart was so hard, that I could sit and hear the most powerful sermons with careless indifference, and without remorse of conscience, considering myself quite secure under my old shield of fatality before mentioned.

At length the thunders from mount Sinai struck my heart, rent my garment, and I was left naked before God. I found the commandments of God were truth, and fatality was *false*. Here I stood in the wide open world, not knowing which way to go, or where to flee; the poet’s striking thoughts running through my mind.

“The sinner must be born again,  
“Did loud as thunder roll.”

Everlasting praise belongs to that God, who gives

sight to the blind, ears to the deaf, and feet to the lame; and (as in former days) he made use of clay to open my blind eyes, and spake through one of his dear servants to the awakening of my soul once more. Yes! by that ever dear and memorable servant of the Lord, Henry Martin, who soon after died in the triumphs of faith, on Parker's Island, at the mouth of the Kennebec River; and is now praising God in Paradise, I have not a doubt.—Does his spirit know, that this poor child retains a sense of pardoning love, which he was instrumental of promoting? Whether it be so or not, may the merciful God bring me to meet him in Heaven, where we may recount the pleasing theme in endless day.

The first time I ever heard him preach was at my father's house. The text was in Exodus, xxxii. 12. "Who is on the Lord's side?" and his words were sent home to my heart with power like seven fold peals of thunder. I at first strove to hide from my rude companions the feelings of my heart by resisting the truth, thinking only on the vanities of my gay circle; and with songs and merry tales to entertain my mind so as not to weep at what the preacher said. But this was all in vain; for truths, like arrows from the Lord, flew thick and fast, and were plunged deep into my wounded heart, so that I could not refrain from weeping aloud, although my sighs and groans were heard by all around.

After the meeting was closed, the preacher began to converse with some of the people, who were nearest to him; speaking to them concerning their souls. I resolved not to give him an opportunity of conversing with me, and in order to shun him I immediately retired, and my example was

followed by a number of my rude mates, who began to speak lightly of the preacher, and I joined them—a thing which I believe I was never heard to do before; for I concluded that *it was as bad to speak against a minister, as it was to speak against my parents*;—but I believe it was the enemy who pushed me forward in it, for he strove hard to devour my poor soul; and it is of the Lord's mercy that I am not consumed. The speaker tarried all night at my father's house; in the morning he improved his time in conversing with the family, but I was very careful to keep out of the room, and when I was called to attend on family worship, I stood by the door, and when he said Amen! I retired immediately. He exhorted the rest of the family some time, and I was much afraid that he would speak to me also. I took my work and sat down in the kitchen, expecting thereby to escape his notice; but as soon as he had freed his mind with them, he came in and seated himself near where I was sitting, and had it not been for fear of treating him irreverently, I should have immediately left the room. I resolved therefore to keep my seat in silence, but his words were to me sharper than any two edged sword, and I began to tremble, while he opened in a plain and easy way my dangerous condition, whilst remaining irreconciled to God.—At length I frankly acknowledged that I had often felt the need of pure religion, and saw clearly that I was a *sinner*—he said “if you will kneel down I will pray for you now; but I did not yield to his request. He then asked me, if I ever prayed for myself; to which I made him no answer. “Well, (said he) if you will try to pray for yourself one week, I will by the help of God try to pray for you.” O

what inward horror I then felt thrill through my whole soul! Conviction then awoke in my poor heart to a great degree.

As soon as he left the room, I retired to the barn, that at a "manger" I might pray to him who was born in the "stable at *Bethlehem*." With a heart big with grief and eyes streaming with tears, I fell on my knees, and was dumb before my God, whilst sorrow overwhelmed me; in grief I then came to a determination to seek the Lord with all diligence. I arose and walked towards the house and began to reflect, that my sisters would know how I felt, and laugh at me; therefore I washed my face and appeared as cheerful as I could; yet my conviction was so keen and pungent, that it was impossible for me to conceal it altogether; for like Nehemiah of old, my countenance was sad for about one week; in which time I had a great sense of my sins and of the *wrath* of God against the *sinner*; which I thought must soon fall on my devoted head, because I had sinned in so high a degree against the best of beings.

On the Sabbath following I attended a meeting near my father's. When I retired to dress myself for the assembly, my clothes looked too gay for me, and I said within myself, what can all this mean—formerly my clothing never used to be half gay enough; but now I took one handkerchief after another, and at length said to myself, *I cannot appear in the congregation before God with any one of these, on which I have wasted so much of his precious time in needless work of stitching and flowering, of which I now repent; for I might have improved that blood-bought time to better purpose.* My heart said truly, I am more fit to be

clothed with sackcloth and to sit down in ashes, than to adorn this dying clay in needle work. I went to my dear mother and asked her for a plain handkerchief. After I was plainly attired, I went forth. At first sight my sisters reproached me with an intention of becoming a quaker. I said nothing, but my tears flowed plentifully, whilst inwardly I said, if you could but know what I feel within, you could not laugh.

I went to meeting with a solemn desire to obtain religion, and was not ashamed to let the world know that I wanted to become a real Christian more than I wanted all things else; yea I felt a resolution to forsake the foolish and live to God in the way of understanding; to turn to God with full purpose of heart, and seek the *salvation* of my immortal *soul*.

When I came to the place of worship, there was nothing which took any particular hold of my mind, and my heart seemed to be hardened; and here the enemy began to reason with me, and took great advantage of my poor inexperienced mind, as I was very ignorant of all his devices, and too ready to believe his suggestions; whereby he soon made me ashamed of ever attempting to pray or say any thing about my having a desire of religion. The following are some of the reasonings, which powerfully impressed my mind.—Thou foolish child! why dost thou think to seek God now in the days of thy youth—you will thereby lose the best part of your cheerful days—look at those Christians and see how melancholy they are—O how lonesome are their lives—they go mourning all their days and have no pleasure—day and night they mourn! What, said I, have these Christians no pleasure?

who then can have pleasure? or where can pleasure be found? The answer came to me in the form of a question; thus, Have you not felt more miserable since you began to seek the Lord than you did before you listened to things of a pious nature? I answered thus in my mind—there must be a difference or the Bible cannot be true; for yesterday I read of the righteous, that their peace shall be as a river—and of the wicked, that there is no peace to the wicked saith my God—they are like the troubled sea which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. But stop, said the enemy, only think how much happier you were when in your merry circle than you are now,—therefore give up all these dull and awful thoughts of death and eternity. O, be much ashamed for your enthusiastic conduct and become gay, pleasant and lively, which so much becomes a youth like you.

Reflections, thus rushing in like a flood, soon overpowered my resolutions, and I began to hold down my head much chagrined, and thought that every body knew just how I felt, and what had passed in my mind. O how thoughtless, said I to myself, I was to come here so meanly dressed, for I had left some of my former gaiety at home. I had reasoned so long with the enemy of all good that my heart was hardened, and I dropped all my pious resolutions of seeking the Lord until a more convenient opportunity; doting on a long life and much pleasure in the ways of sin and folly. O what a poor deluded girl I was, ensnared, blinded and much entangled by the gods of this world, and did not as yet discover the deception. I went home with a wandering mind, and did not return to the afternoon

meeting because of shame ; and the week passed on without my having any very serious impressions ; nor did I attend secret prayer or use any of the means of grace, while stupidity possessed my mind, till toward the close of the week, when the time of HENRY MARTIN'S appointment to preach drew near, and we expected him to return.

The fear of man now began to take hold of me, and I was much troubled about how I should meet him, or what I should say to him ; for I had promised to pray in secret until he returned. When the day arrived that he was to preach and I was preparing for meeting, a thought darted into my mind as though some one had spoken to me, saying, I will tell you how you can let the minister know, that you have given up seeking the Lord for the salvation of your soul, without speaking a word. Take your nubs and put them into your ears again, curl your hair, and put on your ornaments, and he will immediately see that you have gone back to your old course again. Accordingly I did so, and thought I should thereby escape the particular notice of his eye.

In this I was disappointed and much mistaken ; for as soon as he entered the room, he fixed his eyes on me, and before he spoke to any one in the room, he came to me and told me all my heart, and as I thought knew all that had passed my mind and how I then felt—and truly his words were not without effect, but sharp like a sword they pierced my heart to the quick, and I began to tremble as though limb by limb all would fall from my body. Once more I dared to lift a desire to God for mercy, and said in my heart, O most merciful God ! if thou wilt give me strength to rise once more from my seat.

and spare my life to retire, I will go to my bed room, and if I am now to die, I have a desire there to die upon my knees in preference to any other position. As soon as he had done speaking to me, I arose and passed through the kitchen, where the people had begun to assemble for meeting—the dread of Jehovah had taken away any fear of the people; for as I passed through the room I took down a pair of shears, and cut off the curls which I had made in my hair, and threw them into the fire in sight of the people, and retiring to my bed room, fell on my knees and begged for mercy, and soon I wet my handkerchief so that I could have wrung out water. It was now time for meeting. I spread my wet handkerchief to dry, took another and went to meeting, and never did I experience such a scene before—every thing which I had ever done that was wrong appeared to pass before me—and I could heartily say with the poet,

“O let me weep my life away,  
“For having grieved thy love.”

I viewed myself a wretched undone sinner, hair hung and breeze shaken over the gulf of ruin, and feared greatly that mercy was clean gone—forever gone, and nothing remained for me but to drop into the “lake where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.” Nevertheless, my cry was, *O Lord*, have mercy on a rebel like me—one of the vilest of the vile.

“O! cast a pitying look, all goodness as thou art,  
“Like that which faithless Peter’s broke, on my obdurate heart.

At the close of the meeting, when the last prayer

was made, I rose from my seat and fell on my knees, and I was not ashamed to tell the world now, that I had a renewed desire to seek true religion at the loss of all things else in the world, although my case appeared to me to be desperate. From this time June, 1808, until October following, I continued to plead to the most merciful God to show pity, and pardon a repenting sinner. No tongue can describe, or language paint the feelings of my mind during these sorrowful months. Hoping that the candid reader of these lines may gain some benefit, I will attempt to note down some of them. Filled with sorrow, I went mourning day after day, night after night, and month after month, while every thing around, wherever I turned my eye, seemed to be dressed in mourning on my account. I read my *Bible*—but it all was dark—to me it was a sealed book.

It was my constant practice to retire, when the weather would admit, between sunset and dark to the lonely field, where I might be alone before God, where I might not be interrupted while pouring out my tears and prayers into the bosom of my compassionate Redeemer. And very frequently I would stay and wrestle in prayer until a very late hour of the night ; yet I found no relief. Thus I wandered, day after day, with increasing sorrows. Often I was tempted to leave my father's house and wander to some lonely desert, and there let hunger take away my miserable life ; thinking it would be better thus to end my days than to destroy myself in any other way. It is of the Lord's mercy that I am alive. Often I would look on the happy birds of the air, and say, O ye fowls of the wood ! lend me your wings that I may fly to the utmost bounds of cre-

ation and hide myself from the sight of all living—O that I could be hid from the face of him, who sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.—But these words came to my mind—if you go to the utmost parts of the earth, *behold he is there!* if you make your bed in *hell*, his justice will find you there! Alas! what shall I do, or where shall I flee; I am like a bird chased; I fear that my maker is my enemy.—I know that vengeance belongeth to *God*:—my *terror* is lest his indignation should fall on my head. I see the axe is laid at the root of my tree, and the voice of justice is, “cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground.” I have had a day of grace and space for repentance but I improved it not; and I cannot find mercy although I seek it carefully with tears.

The next day was a sorrowful day to me. I read the holy Bible but could not find one passage for my encouragement—all seemed to be against me, and so terrifying—that I laid the sacred pages by and cried; O that I had some one who was capable of speaking to me on things of eternal worth, into whose compassionate heart I could pour my increasing sorrows. At length the sable curtain of the evening began to spread its dismal shadow, and fears began to rise in my mind about retiring into the fields for devotion, as I had formerly done; lest satan should destroy me—But a thought rushed into my mind, take the *Bible*—that is *God's holy word* and satan cannot touch you whilst you hold *that*. Accordingly I took the holy treasure, and went before the light of day was wholly gone, and as I walked along, it appeared plain to me that two spirits went with me, one before, and the other behind;—the one before had cords in his hands, which I thought were fastened in my heart and drew me

towards him. This was so affecting to me that I cried aloud, *Lord*, have mercy on me! for I thought it was my *Saviour*, and that in this way he was holding me from the power of the adversary, who was just behind, ready to tear me in pieces—with his cruel arms extended on either side, ready to clasp me in as I walked along; which caused me often to start quick as if to shun his grasp, and looking round expecting to see his horrid shape. In this way I came to a lonesome spot, quite retired, and there resolved to sit down, and meditate on my situation.

I opened my Bible and read in Luke xiv. 31. "What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth, whether he be able with ten thousand, to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" Now I was ready to say, I am not able—I am a reprobate. and may as well give up all for lost as not—and for some time I was on the brink of despair, and could neither pray nor read.

When I returned to the house, I was much surprised to find the people waiting for me, seeing it was so late an hour. I requested the privilege of lodging alone, and as soon as I had retired, I again, prostrate by the side of my bed, renewed my petitions for the least drop of mercy from the throne of a just and holy God, for the alone merits of the *adorable Saviour*; yet I found no relief in my mind. Being very considerably fatigued, I threw myself across the top of the bed, and had the following view. It appeared to me as though there was no roof on the house, but like Abraham of old I was brought out under the open firmament with the penetrating eye of Jehovah upon me, and de-

mons around me ready to carry me to the dismal abodes of the damned. What language can paint the dismal state of my distressed mind—every nerve was convulsed in the midst of that *fear* which hath *torment*. Here I was plunged, hanging only by one small thread, and that too almost fretted off, whilst my language was, O my sins, my cruel sins, what have you done? will Satan have my captive soul at last—must I in torment dwell? Suddenly my chamber appeared as light as day, and I saw a man hanging on a *cross*, and it immediately came into my mind, that it was JESUS who died for me. His head was inclining to one shoulder and turned from me, as though he saw me not.—I waited—and longed that he would cast one pitying look on me, and speak peace to my troubled soul. But O! my grief there is none can tell.—He turned his head and fixed his eyes on me with a frown, as though he had cast me off for ever. I cried out, I am damned! I am damned! I am forever gone! Language can never describe my feelings. I verily thought myself amongst the infernal crew, where they were blaspheming the name of the most high God. But I could not join them, nor even blame my Maker for casting me off; for I said, it is just.

Here I had such a view of the justice of God in my condemnation, that I said with the Apostle, “Every mouth shall be stopped and all the world become guilty before God.” I knew that I was guilty and deserved death—but where to look or which way to fly for help I knew not—I could only exclaim against myself. When I first came to realize where I was, these words were in my mind;

“How can a lost sinner in pain,  
Recover his forfeited peace;

Will Mercy itself be so kind,  
As to give him a happy release ?”

I immediately left the bed for my knees—but was dumb, and despair pressed me down like a weight of lead.

Daylight once more appeared, yet brought nothing pleasing to me. It looked more gloomy to me than the dark night and rolling tempest; yea, every thing wore a melancholy aspect. My food became unpleasant and bitter. I mingled my drink with weeping. Day after day passed on whilst I remained in this lonely state of mind. I was often tempted to destroy my own life, while sleep departed from me, and I could do but little work. My flesh wasted from my bones as fast as though I had been sick with a disease.

When I read my Bible, it was most plain and evident that a sinner must be born again—or never see the kingdom of God; yet I argued, this new birth is not for me—I am certainly a reprobate, and my dwelling must be with everlasting burnings.

I sought God daily in his word,  
But him I could not have;  
I called and cried, my love, my Lord,  
But he no answer gave.

One day in my lonely retirement, seeking a sequestered spot for reading, meditation and prayer, I began to search the inspired page in order to find how justification comes; for I thought I had not sought aright, or I should have found the Lord to the joy and peace of my mind before now. I clearly saw it was by faith, as saith, the Apostle, “By grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves—it is the gift of God” Again, “all

men have not faith." I argued, faith is the gift of God, and I am one of them from whom God has withholden this blessing, and yet I was conscious that it was something which I must have, or never be justified before God; seeing the "*just*" live by faith. Here many passages of Scripture came to my mind with great sweetness, light and power—such as these; "Dost thou believe that I am able to do this?" "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to them who believe." "Believe on the Son of God and thou shalt be saved." "Only believe, and thou shalt be made whole." Here I, like one of old, with tears fell down, saying, "Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief." I kneeled down—I was lost to all around for some time, and whether I fell asleep through weakness of bodily infirmity and want of rest, or not, I cannot tell, but when I came to myself, I was on my feet praising the Lord in the poet's words.

"O for a trumpet's voice  
On all the world to call,  
And bid their hearts rejoice  
In HIM, who *died* for ALL."

The wide creation appeared to be charming me with pleasant scenes, whilst even the little birds united with me in praises to *God*.

In the midst of these ecstasies, suddenly and unexpectedly I was stopped by a voice, that seemed to utter the following words; "What! are *you* praising God? even that God who cannot look upon sin with the least allowance—the demons themselves might as well praise him. Do you know what you are praising him for? You had better wait until your sins are forgiven. You have committed the

unpardonable sin, and Satan is sure of you now, and you had better give over all use of the means of grace,—what benefit will they bring to you?—they will only add to your condemnation, and increase your torment.” These things rolled down upon me, and passing through my mind, gave me an awful shock, damped all my former desires, whilst stupidity prevailed over my mind, and I returned to the house with my heart apparently hard and unfeeling. During several days my mind remained in much the same state of preponderance in favor of giving my soul up for lost.

At this critical period, that ever to be remembered, Henry Martin, my dear father in the Gospel, came to my father's house. His anxiety for my everlasting and best good was the same as formerly; and when I had related to him the state of my mind, he used all his energies to remove me from my errors, and instruct me in the good and right way. On that same day he had an appointment at about two miles distance. He requested me to go with him to meeting. I told him I had rather not, for I was upon the point of giving up all means of grace, nor could I consent to attend any more meetings, lest it should increase my misery, and make my torment so much the greater when I should have to take up my lodging in the horrible place, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. But that dear servant of the Lord felt too much interest in the salvation of my soul to give me up. He answered my arguments, removed all my objections and excuses, until at length I yielded to his request and consented to go. As I mounted my horse and turned to ride off, I cried in my heart, O! that I may never return to this place in the same spirit

that I leave it. O! for an alteration, better or worse,—O Lord! better or worse, let me know the worst of my case;—and my prayer was not alone; for I believe that dear, faithful servant of God, prayed at every breath and every step he took. Sometimes he would drop a word of encouragement in hopes to administer some relief to me; but nothing seemed to reach my poor desponding heart. Words such as the following would thrill through my mind like electricity—"you will be damned—hell is your portion, and thither you must go." Thus through the thick, dark, and dismal cloud I waded and waded, where there was not a single star to give the least glimmer of light, and it appeared to me, that I should be carried down in the whirlpool of despair.

At length we arrived at the place of meeting, but my mind was so deeply exercised, that I could not tell how or what was preached; nevertheless a constant cry for *mercy* filled my mind. I inquired, O Lord Jesus, thou Saviour of fallen man, didst thou pour out thy blood in sacrifice for *me*, and wilt thou not permit me to wash in that fountain and be clean? Truly my soul was in agonies for pardoning mercy—only one gracious drop of his most precious blood would heal my soul.

One dark hour more did I sustain,  
And then the night was past;  
Though I had sought so long in vain,  
I found the Lord at last.

Here I shall relate some of my views with the hope of benefitting those into whose hands these lines may happen to be cast. Whilst I sat under preaching my desire for salvation increased greatly.

After sermon I had an impression to rise and request prayer particularly for me, hoping that God would hear his people in my behalf, but I did not then. It then came with distress to my heart, "Your damnation is sealed;" which so affected me, that I trembled like a leaf in the wind. At length my limbs were so stiff that I could not bend them, and my tongue was stiff in my mouth, and I verily thought I was dying, and should be damned. Reader, judge if you can, what I then felt! But if you have never experienced a like state of despair, it is impossible for you to form a just conception of mine.

My situation was soon discovered by the people; for being asked by a Mrs. Densmore, if I was not going home, as some of the people had gone out, I could not answer her; whereupon the preacher came to me and began to inquire after my mind; but he saw my condition and called to the people of God to come back and join in prayer for my poor soul. He then said to me, "If you will kneel down with us, we will all try to pray for you." I thought if the Lord would condescend to give me strength to kneel once more that I might die upon my knees, it was all that I asked. He did so; and as I kneeled down these words came to me as though some one had spoken them to me, and I know not but they were spoken by some one present.

"Renounce the world, the flesh and devil,  
You shall have *pardon, peace and Heaven.*"

Immediately I was lost to all that was around me, and the exercise of my mind was such, that if prayer was made for me, I knew it not; for when the above words "Renounce," &c. came to me,

the mighty struggle of my mind cannot be told. I asked, How can I renounce the world?—for indeed I thought I had; but it came to me thus, If God should now convert your soul, would you ever after lead a new life, allowing you should live twenty years? No, you cannot—you would soon turn to the beggarly elements of the world: therefore you had better curse God and die; for he is an hard master, requiring hard things of his creatures. Only think you have been asking, pleading, and begging for six long months, and the Lord has given you no tokens of favour; you have had nothing but tribulation, anguish and keen distress—give up this very moment—do not ask once more. To this my groaning heart said, How can I give up willingly to be destroyed?—I must, I will plead for mercy, until the brittle thread of life is worn off and cut asunder! Yet the shrill voice of the enemy cried continually through my mind, “There is no mercy for you.” But these things only served to make me cry the more earnestly, with all my might, like poor blind Bartimeus of old, “Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.” Like Abraham, I was now surrounded with a body of darkness—enveloped in blackness of darkness and an horrible gloom. It appeared to me that this was the last time I should ever have to ask for mercy; and I feared that what I then felt was only a faint glimmer of what I should soon feel.

O how near I passed to that dreadful gulf. I tremble whilst I write. I am truly a brand plucked out of the burning. Through the cloud of darkness that surrounded me, I saw a small ray of light, and my eyes seemed fixed upon it. This light increased, until at length it appeared as large as the blaze

of a candle, only differing in color. Then I saw the appearance of a man, and then the darkness which had surrounded me withdrew and stood in a body before me; which I thought to be my sins, and they appeared like mountains piled on mountains, and that the man who presented himself to my view was CHRIST; and that he was about to utter an awful sentence against me, and command my sins to roll upon me, and crush me down to everlasting ruin. There likewise appeared to be demons, waiting to drag my poor soul down to the bottomless pit. I cried, Doomed I am justly—doomed I am justly—O have mercy on a poor hell-deserving sinner! That kind Saviour, whose name is mercy and whose nature is love, replied, “Give me your heart;” to which I answered with all my energy, Lord, I freely give up every thing, and my heart, my wicked heart too. In a few moments he smiled and said, “I have taken thy sins away and put them upon the head of the scape-goat, and separated them from thee, as far as the east is from the west.” Immediately my burden was gone, and I felt something in my heart like a burning fire, at which I cried out, What does all this mean? and these words came to my mind—“I will set upon you like a refiner’s fire.” I sunk down, like gold separated from the dross running into a body pure and clean—my distress was gone and all was calm and serene—but no joy! I cried, O Lord! can it be possible that such a rebel as I have been can be pardoned? if so, be pleased in infinite mercy to give me an evidence of it. Soon my empty hollow heart was filled with *love* and *joy* unspeakable, which flowed through all the powers of my soul and body too. I was then made perfectly sensible

where I was and what was around me. I arose and praised my God with all my powers of soul and body—yes, I verily believe, that if any creature on earth ever loved and praised God, and knew that it was happy, I was that happy soul.

“Without one doubt my soul could tell,  
That *Jesus* had done all things well.”

When I kneeled down it was about sunset, and when I arose from my humble posture it was about midnight. Thus I continued for hours in the low vale of sorrow, prostrate before the Lord, until he was pleased to show me mercy, and I had experienced a pardon of all my sins.

“Through deep distress  
My Saviour led me on,  
And shew'd his love to me,  
When all my hopes were gone.”

This truly was a happy night to me, every thing appeared new and glorious. It being late I concluded to tarry all night, and being much exhausted and worn out by mental exercises, I retired to rest,—like an infant upon the bosom of its parent, I slept on the *bosom* of my *Redeemer*!!

I was awake early, and retired in order to pour out my soul in prayer and praise to my *Heavenly Father*; as I went forth, every thing presented to me new scenes of beauty and grandeur. O how pleasant the morning light, and how strangely differing from the morning before, when dismal grief sat brooding on creation; but now I cast my eyes around,—I was lost in wonder—I would stop and even feel myself, saying, “whereas there was no soundness in my flesh, now I am made all over new—I am no

more full of wounds and bruises and putrifying sores, that run in the night—no leprosy now is found on me—I am like Naaman of old, who dipped himself seven times in Jordan—yea I am made all over new—I am perfectly whole—my flesh and my heart are like a little child's—now I can go and have access to my Heavenly Father with sweet communion. I shall never forget the petition which I asked while wrapped in visions of glory at the throne of *Grace*,—ever to be kept by his holy arm of power from all sin, and to strengthen me with his might, in which I might travel

“All the length of the celestial road  
To see and praise my God.”

The fowls of the barn flocked round me, tuning their shrill voices, and as I then thought, joined with all creation to praise my Lord for what he had done for my poor soul.

I returned to the house and sat down to our morning repast, and such a sweet meal I never eat before. It was spiced with grace, and perfumed with the *love* of God. I parted with the endeared family in which I had spent the night, and in company with a sister Densmore, and an aunt Bacon, went on my happy journey towards my father's house. We were a happy company—all of us were new-born souls, just set out on our pilgrimage, journeying to the promised possession, and but a few hours since we had breathed the vital air—born from on high—born of the Spirit, and bound for bright glory. Like the inhabitants of Zion we sang praises to God, and talked of his goodness as we passed along in the highway, wondering and wondering that the Lord should be so kind as to regard such worms

of the dust, and inspire them to praise his holy name.

At length we arrived, and my mother met me at the gate, saying "my child, what made you stay all night?" To which I replied, dear mother, we have had a glorious shaking amongst the dry bones. We went into the house, and I began to tell what the Lord had done for my soul, and we had a weeping and a rejoicing time together. Soon after my dear father came in from the field, when we sung a hymn and all joined in humble prostration at the throne of grace, to render thanks to Almighty God for the great things which he had done for me. My father prayed, and then I for the first time opened my mouth in public. O! what an heavenly time—this ever memorable morning was a season of joy and thanksgiving—truly we rejoiced with the "fatted calf," and like them of old our language was, "*the dead is alive, and the lost is found, and it is meet that we should be glad and rejoice.*"

As soon as our raptures were a little subsided I retired into the garden, and orchard; and was struck with new wonder by every thing I saw, and rejoiced in all the works of God's skilful hand; but most of all that he had taken my feet from that horrible pit and miry clay, into which sin had cast me, and had placed me, and established my feet on the rock of ages, and had put a new song into my mouth, even praises to his holy name. I cried out, can this be the same field that I used to travel—is this the same farm—are these the same buildings? They must be the same, but they are changed. "Ah! no, no!" was the answer, "the change is in yourself"—bringing with it a new evidence that I was born of God. I also visited those lonely

spots, where in the days of my mourning, far from human eye, I used to vent my sighs, and make my complaints; and it appeared as if these all shone with lustre unbounded. I leaped—I walked—I rejoiced that my sorrows were turned into joy—yea I was mounted on the wings of an eagle—almost like Paul I could say, “Whether in the body or not I cannot tell, but this one thing I will do, forgetting the things that are behind, I will press forward toward the mark of the high calling of God, which is in Christ Jesus.”

I returned to the house with a glad and a light heart, and my body was as light as my heart. Borne on the wings of faith and love, my raptured soul was filled. On opening the Bible I read the fifteenth chapter of St John’s gospel of our divine Lord, beginning thus, “I am the true vine, ye are the branches.” Such a relish for the word of God I never had before experienced—such light and heavenly understanding of the word. I could say with Hezekiah, “Good is the word of the Lord.” Very often these words would flow through my peaceful mind;

“O wond’rous grace !  
O boundless love !  
How deep the mystery lies.”

At length the day passed, and the night for rest appeared. I slept, and I awoke, and found my kind Preserver near; neither had I slept away my peace, for it was like an overflowing stream, rising higher and higher; and when I went to my work, it was not a burden as in months past. Day after day passed and I could say with the poet;

“Not a cloud did arise  
To darken my skies,  
Or hide for a moment  
My Lord from my eyes.”

All was calm, and joy, and peace, nor could I remain silent—and no one, who had been acquainted with my situation in the months just passed, wondered to hear me speak in a cause so good as that of religion, pure and undefiled; for I was taken from the low dungeon of despair, and brought into the liberty of the sons of God. I had been like one condemned to death, and sentenced to be hanged, who had received a pardon, and was restored to his life, and his friends, and more abundant mercy. I was raised from the gates of an eternal hell, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, and placed where I could rejoice in hope of eternal rest at God's right hand. O glory, glory be to God who reigns on high!

*Sabbath, October, 1808.*

I went to meeting in what is called the Pond Settlement, and had a glorious waiting upon the Lord. It was the first Sabbath that I had really lived upon the earth. I could say these words in sincerity;

“O that I could all invite  
This saving truth to prove,  
And show the length, and breadth, and height,  
And depth of Jesus' love.”

On the next Sabbath the meeting was holden near my father's, and it was a good meeting to me. It was the first time of my having the privilege of telling my young friends what the Lord had done for my soul, in a public congregation, since I had found

deliverance ; and a most memorable time it was—tears of joy and grief flowed in abundance, whilst the saints of God rejoiced, and sinners were cut to the heart—while I could only say, “Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards poor guilty man !” For my soul was full of glory, neither was my joy confined here. From day to day I went on rejoicing in God my Saviour, and was prepared to say, “O Lord ! thy word is truth indeed ;—thy yoke is easy, and thy burden is light.”

I was soon pressed, by a sense of duty, to join the people of God, and was willing to be a poor despised Methodist ; and as soon as I had an opportunity I embraced it, and joined the class in Sidney, of which my father was the leader. Many were the solemn reflections which passed through my mind on being received into the bosom of the church—to be a living branch of that living vine—bringing forth fruit to the honor and glory of God was my only desire, and only aim and constant prayer.

I retired after the meeting was closed, and prayed earnestly to the Lord, that he would always keep me from backsliding and protect me from the snares of the devil, who as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour ; and preserve me from bringing a wound on that most precious cause, which I had been recommending to my young friends ;—inviting them to come and go with me in the way of righteousness and peace. The answer to this my fervent cry was, that the same Lord, who has converted thy soul, is able to keep *thee* unto the day of the Lord Jesus ; if you commit the keeping of your soul unto him as unto a

faithful Creator, by patient continuance in well doing, seeking for glory, and honor, and eternal life. Here I found where my great strength lay. I found that I had a divine confidence in my God, that he would be my guide even unto death ; and here I could say with the poet again ;

“Night unto night thy name repeats,  
The day renews the sound ;  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.”

Baptism now began to agitate my mind, and I cried to my heavenly Parent, that I might be directed aright in this also, and not be guilty of going too fast or too slow. Dear brother Henry Martin (my spiritual guide) came to my father's, and asked me respecting my views of baptism. I told him freely what had rested on my mind upon that subject. He told me that he had an appointment at the Pond Settlement on the Thursday following, and that he expected some would go forward in that ordinance, and he thought I had better embrace the opportunity. I told him that I chose to converse with my parents. Accordingly I did, and my mother thought I had better wait until spring. My father said he had no objection, if I was convinced that it was my duty. He gave me a short exhortation, called the family together, and after worshipping, I retired, and low on my knees, like Mary, at the footstool of mercy, I besought the Lord's direction. O thou who knowest all things, if thou seest that it will make for thy glory, and my best good, remove every obstruction, and let the day be clear, and pleasant, and all in peace ; but if not pleasing in thy

sight, let it be clearly manifested to me, thy submissive child.

Composed and serene I lay down to rest, and when the morning once more was ushered in, all was calm, the sun arose with unusual mildness, and nothing to hinder my going. My soul was happy, and I longed to embrace the holy ordinance of baptism, and thus evidence to the world, that I had put off the old man and his deeds, and had put on the new man, which is Christ the Lord ;—resolving by his grace to come out and be separated from the wicked world, its habits, maxims, and wrong customs.—This was a most memorable day to me and also to many others.

On my way to the meeting I breathed out my heart in constant prayer to God for strength to raise me above the fear of man, and give me that faith that overcomes, and holds the promise fast. After a short discourse, I arose and told my desire and intention, and related my experience in some of its most important parts ; and when the necessary preparation was made, we repaired to the water, and I could say truly, “ we are marching through Immanuel’s land to fairer worlds on high.” The language of my heart was poured out in the following hymn, which I repeated as I passed down to the water. I could not recollect from whence it came, yet I was able to repeat it then, and to retain it in my memory ever since. Afterwards I found it in the Methodist hymn book.

1. Happy soul ! thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below ;  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of *Jesus* go.  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,

Lo! the Saviour stands above ;  
Shows the purchase of his merit,  
Reaches out the *crown of love*.

2. Struggle through thy latest passion,  
To thy great Redeemer's breast ;  
To his uttermost salvation ;  
To his everlasting *Rest*.  
For the joy he sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain ;  
Die to live a life of glory ;  
Suffer with thy Lord to *Reign*.

Eight persons were baptized before myself; I being the youngest. When it came to my turn, my heart leaped for joy, and I cried out as I moved along, "farewell, vain world, I am going home"—and stepped down into the water, and thought that I could have gone across the pond as easily as I did three rods.—I kneeled down and was plunged forward, and when I arose, I stood some time in the water, and exhorted the numerous congregation which crowded round the shore ; and I praised the Lord with loud strains. O the raptures ! in which my soul was held ! Caught up as it were to the third Heaven, I had renewed my strength to travel the celestial road Heaven-ward. We went to the place appointed for prayer-meeting, shouting and singing ; and a most glorious time it was. Dear Brother H. M. was so happy, that he was ready to fly to a fairer clime. He shouted, and cried "I will praise the Lord, for my tongue is none too good to be employed in his praise, nor my lungs too good to be worn out in his service." Thus he continued shouting until his strength failed, and he fell to the floor.

This will be a memorable meeting to me, for it was the last that I ever enjoyed with my dear

HENRY MARTIN on the shores of time ; although we little thought then that we were receiving our last benefit of his useful labors ; but flattered ourselves that we should be favored with his counsels, reproofs and prayers, as a father and shepherd over us poor helpless sheep of Christ's newly gathered fold, who by his advice and care might be aided in the good way. But God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways ; yet

“ Deep in unfathomable mines,  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.”

The next morning I set out for home in company with my cousin Cynthia Robinson. We took an affectionate leave of our very dear brother Henry Martin. “ Do not weep, children,” said he, “ for I expect, if the Lord will, to return again shortly.” He was going to visit Parker's Isle at the mouth of Kennebec river, in hopes to see that prophecy fulfilled, “ The Isles shall wait for thy law.” As he passed on before me something seemed to impress my mind that he would not return ; and I told it to Cynthia, but she said, do not harbour such a thought. Notwithstanding all my desires and hopes of his return, I had an impression that he never would.

The thought, he will not return, rested on my mind. Peace like an overflowing stream wafted my happy soul along for many months, and I began to conclude that I should see trouble no more.

Travelling in the strength of my great Redeemer—wafted by strong gales of love, I moved on towards the inheritance above ; but experience taught me that I was not going to Heaven in silver slip-

pers, nor on flowery beds of ease, as saith the poet ;

“ I must fight if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord.”

Christ hath said, “ Not every one that saith unto me *Lord, Lord*, shall enter into the kingdom of God, but he who doeth the will of my Father, who is in Heaven.”

The news of H. Martin's death reached us in a few weeks after his arrival on the Island ; for he attended but one meeting there, before he was taken sick and died in the triumphs of faith, after a very short though painful sickness. Not long before he breathed his last he revived, and sang with a triumphant voice ;

“ I'm happy ! I'm happy !  
O wondrous account !  
My soul is immortal ;  
I stand on the mount.  
I gaze on my treasure,  
And long to be there,  
With Angels, my kindred,  
And JESUS, my dear.”

It was heavy news to me and also to the church. Our language was, what shall we do for a shepherd to take the oversight of the flock, seeing our beloved and faithful Minister is so early and so suddenly removed from our fond and pious embraces ; and we so young and inexperienced in the things of the kingdom ? The Bible, O what a treasure ! These words from that inspired volume, came with divine sweetness and power to my mind. “ I will be a father to the fatherless.” This sweetens every cup, and makes sad things easy ; for he is ever the same—he changeth not. My heart replied, O

God! if thou art my father, I have enough. Suffer me to come to thee, as a child cometh to a parent, and teach thou me what to do in all things ; for thou teachest as never man taught.

To the praise of my Maker, and for the encouragement of young pilgrims especially, I desire to relate some of his special dealings with me ; for he is very indulgent. That which I cannot comprehend when awake, as Job said, he revealeth to me, when deep sleep locks up the mental faculties.

At this time, while perplexed to know what to do for a leader, I dreamed that I stood on the bank of the Kennebec river. Suddenly I was taken by an Angel and set on a narrow strip of ice in the middle of the river, not more than one foot in width, but straight as a line, and was told by the Angel to go forward, and I should soon see H. Martin. Recollecting that he died at the mouth of this river, I set forward with great delight, running with rapidity, expecting soon to meet with my beloved friend and father in the bonds of the gospel. To my great surprise and most imminent danger, I found that my feet would slip off on one side or the other ; which filled my mind with fears, that I should soon plunge into the water, and there drown. O that I had been suffered to stay on the dry land, I exclaimed. Whereupon my kind conductor, the Angel, appeared and said, "Here is the cross—take and carry it in your arms—hold it erect, and your feet will not slip;" but if I laid it down or suffered either part to touch or drag, it would endanger my life, and my only safety was to keep the cross on a true and perfect balance, holding it upright. To my inexpressible delight I found my feet stood firm, my fears subsided, and I went on calm, serene, pleasant,

steady and safe, whilst the heavy cross, so far from being a burden to press me down, was a support and comfort to me ; which enabled me to pursue my journey with greater alacrity. I awoke and was prepared to say, O what has God revealed to me this night. It is the way that leads to God, I will walk therein that I may find rest to my soul. On opening my Bible I find that the cross is there set forth as the Christian's only safety ; so much so that Christ hath said, and his words are *truth* without one shadow of doubt, " Except a man deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me, he cannot be my disciple ;" and Paul said, " I will glory in the cross of Christ, for by it the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." On a close examination I found, that if I neglected the least duty in small or great things, I was in danger.

As I have entered into the vineyard of the *Lord* I am conscious that I am to labor in order to receive my penny ; and although I am but a child yet he finds some services for me to perform. It is well to labor for my Lord. He sends me from one house to another to publish to all my dear companions, what he has done for me, and strive to win them also to his service. I find it all glory in the highest for me to do any thing for him, who has done so much for me.

*June 6, 1809.*

About this time I had some trials and temptations to encounter. The enemy of all righteousness tried hard to ensnare my soul. He laid his bait in every corner, and threw his darts on every side. The first of any magnitude occurred one morning as I was preparing to attend a love-feast. My father

said to me (no doubt with pure and good motives) Fanny, you must not pray and speak so loud ; for you will wear yourself out. Not considering that he spake in love, I fell into an inquiry what it could mean to receive such a check from a pious father ? for all the opposition that I met with from a gainsaying world had no influence upon me, or could check in the least the unbounded peace and joy I felt in doing that which I thought most pleasing in the sight of the great Redeemer ; but the enemy took the advantage and said to me, " There, your father has no charity for you, nor has any body else ; and you are not a Christian ; for you know you have no trials to pass through ; and Christians have trials." Immediately this struck me such a blow as I had never felt before. I had been a stranger to such things until now. I cried and prayed, and had sorrowful weeping, being sorely troubled ; nor would I give myself any ease, until God spake peace to my mind again, and filled my heart with love and joy, and gave me a fresh evidence of my acceptance with him, and a superior love to him and his cause and his people. Thus by looking to God I found comfort and strength against the enemy, and I now thought I should be disturbed no more ; but the inspired writings inform us that the devil is like a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour, and I found it so ; for he soon interrupted my tranquillity, and I found that there was no such thing as being a lazy Christian, for the power of the enemy is great, and sometimes rolled on like a cloud to darken my sky and hinder my progress in religion. Notwithstanding my watchings, fastings, and praying, I was constrained to cry out in the language of the poet ;

“O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope in years to come ;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home ;  
Under the shadow of thy throne,  
Still may we dwell secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.”

This year was a year of trials to me ;

“And when new trials spring and rise  
We find how great our weakness is.”

I was followed with this thought, that the enemy, by whom I had so often been brought low, would in the end prevail, and I should finally be overcome. But the thought of going back and returning to the weak and beggarly elements of the world was truly painful to me, and being young in years and young in piety, the subtle foe began to make me fear. But I was delivered from this snare also, by following the advice of that servant of God, James ; see 4th chapter, “Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you.” Yet too often in my warring I was forced to say, “Now I revive and now am slain.”

When I was delivered from temptation of any kind whatever, I rejoiced like an able experienced warrior who had gained a signal victory, and I said in my heart, I have one trial the fewer to pass whilst on my journey home—glory to God!—and my heart would overflow with love and gratitude to my heavenly Benefactor, and I would join with David and say, “My cup runneth over.” Thus I went on my way rejoicing, making an unreserved dedication of myself to God ; for I remembered the painfu

days and nights that I passed for months, before my soul found comfort; yea, the wormwood and the gall, and that memorable night on which I found pardon and deliverance. It was then that I promised God that if he would deliver my soul, I would be his willing subject all my days, through his strength. Blessed be his adorable name, he has enabled me thus far to keep my engagement.

All my trials have terminated for my good—they have been profitable unto me; for they put me on my guard, and stir me up to new resolutions. Relying on the grace of God, I am resolved that nothing henceforth shall interrupt me in the discharge of every known duty; for I find that in duty and for duty I am blessed of God my Redeemer. I now attend on all the ordinances of God's house, and take great delight in reading his holy word, and religious authors; but the book of inspiration teaches me to read and become acquainted with, and keep my own heart, and by reading my Bible, I see and feel the need of a great work being done for my soul, before I can be qualified to act my part with becoming dignity in the *church of Christ*. Unspeakable gratitude inspires me to sing with a grateful heart, for what God has already done for me, and I trust he will also perfect me in every grace.

Like the blind man's of old, my eyes are opened and I am commanded to look up. O what do I see?—I see and lament the condition of *poor perishing sinners*, and my heart is pained for them, and often in an agony; and I feel it my duty to tell them of their situation, and warn them of their danger; but I am sometimes kept back from my duty by a sense of my own many weaknesses. It

is my duty to reprove sin wherever I see it, but the cross is very heavy for a poor young female to take up, and bear; therefore I have sometimes tried to get round it by neglecting my duty. But in so doing I pierce myself through with many sorrows. In meditation one day scripture flowed through my mind, especially such passages as the following; "When I say to the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." "Be not dismayed at their countenances, but speak and be not afraid, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." "Be instant, in season and out of season, reprove, exhort, instruct." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Conviction fastens on my heart, and I cry out, O Lord! grant me strength to bear the hallowed cross, or I see plainly I must, after all, *perish*.

In the evening of this happy solemn day an opportunity offered of exhorting the people to turn to God and live, and I felt impressions to address them, but shrunk back from the cross, and went home with a heavy heart—I saw the sword of justice unsheathed to slay the wicked, and I was acquainted with their ignorance, and saw the danger to which they were exposed; and yet I had refused to give them warning, and point them to Jesus, the sinner's only safety, and could not help fearing that God would not give me another opportunity of speaking to them, as some of them might die in their sins, and their blood would be required at my hand. This caused me to reflect on the *Day of Judgment*, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed

from heaven to judge the world in righteousness. O the terror which I feel! I am afraid to meet him, for I am unprepared, and what shall I do? I will take the cup of salvation and call once more upon the name of the Lord. But this has been a restless night to me, whilst I have no doubt the careless sinners for whose sake I am troubled and mourn, have slept in careless ease.

This morning I arise and am very uneasy. I take the bible and go to the throne of grace for help in this time of *need*, and blessed be my King and my God, he has not sent me empty away; and the sin of omission is once more forgiven; and I set out once more to be for God and for none else.

*July 8th, 1809.*

I now enjoy a tender conscience, which feels the slightest touch of *sin*. I have a great love for the people of God, but especially those in the class to which I belong. They are dear to me as my own soul.

“O what a loving band we are,  
United in one faith and prayer.  
All glory be to Christ my Lord!  
For he is all in all to me.

His name yields the sweetest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.”

This day my hands are nimbly at work, and business moves on rapidly; yet my mind is carried above all my employment. Text after text of scripture flows through my mind with explanations which comfort and instruct me. Truly the ways of wisdom are pleasant, and all her paths are peace.

It is with trembling that I rejoice, knowing that I have a subtle enemy to encounter, lest he should lead me astray. I set apart this day (*Friday*) as a day of self-examination, to see if there is not some wicked thing lurking within—some root of bitterness that will spring up and trouble me, and I thereby become an unprofitable servant, like the withering branch which beareth not fruit, threatened by our Lord to be cut off and cast into the fire—although the thought is too distressing for me to harbor. The 15th chapter of St. John is a profitable one to me. O my Heavenly Father! keep a child! Keep me in the true vine a fruitful branch, bearing much fruit to the glory of God.

In the evening as I was just returning from that ever to be remembered and delightful spot, where in solitary retirement I have been more delighted than ever, in reading, meditation and prayer—reflecting on the superior charms of devotion when compared with the short lived pleasures of sin and folly, I was roused by the approach of some of my fellow youth, who were passing the farm and were in a merry gale. I asked myself, will you go and join them? O no—no, cried I in good earnest—not for ten thousand worlds; for their company is no more desirable to me. What is the matter now? (something seemed to ask)—a short time ago you would have left your food, even when hunger began to clamor, to go and join the cheerful circle. Yea, so I would in the days of my folly; but I have found better company, which is with me constantly, even night and day—yea, a heavenly circle of the best of friends—and I have many promises that are on record, and these assure me that the friend of sinners will never leave nor for-

sake me. O ! that I may never leave nor forsake him.

“ And now another day is gone,  
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;  
My comforts every hour make known  
His glory and his grace.”

Blessed be God ! I am contented to be a young Christian alone, although I have many and very strong desires for my dear youthful friends, and am determined to follow them with my tears, prayers and exhortations, until they turn to God and live. If they never return and come to *Jesus* I shall follow them to the gates of ruin, and then, O ! then they will drop, where neither prayers nor tears can do them any good ; for there will be “ *night* in which no man can work,” saith Christ the Lord. Shortly after this, my soul was in agony for sinners in this place ; and whilst pouring out my ardent and most fervent petitions to God for them, my bodily strength failed, and I lay prostrate before the Lord, and was willing to be with Christ in the garden of Gethsemane on the cold ground in tears, or even on the cross ; if I could be of any use in bringing lost sinners home to God's favor.

In the evening there was a prayer-meeting, and a precious time we enjoyed, whilst our united prayers ascended like sweet incense, perfumed with the atoning merits of our adorable Immanuel. The awful and dangerous state of sinners lies so near my heart, that I have been in distress for them so that their case seems similar to my own. Yes, in our little meeting there were two particular ones, for whom I felt a fresh bleeding wound, (as it were) open in my poor aching heart. Glory to God in

the highest ! there is peace to be found on earth in believing in Jesus ;

“ Whose *name* yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.”

Our class meetings are attended with peculiar blessings to encourage us to march on in that heavenly way, which is cast up for the redeemed of the Lord to travel in, and no doubt, if the good evangelical prophet Isaiah had been in our little class meeting this evening, he would have said, “ look in the 12th chapter of my prophecy, and there you will find where I had a view of the happy believers shouting praise to God, while on their way to Zion.” Our Circuit preacher was present, (Br. Spaulding) and we were so filled with the new wine of the Kingdom, that we had a shout in the Camp of Israel—yea they might have said of us, as they did of the apostles on the day of Pentecost, “ they are drunk with new wine.”

My beloved brothers and sisters lie near my heart, and I have strong desires for them—I long for them to go with me to Heaven. O Lord ! what can I say to them more than I have said, to persuade them to fear and serve thee. On the day in which my eldest brother's second child was born, I withdrew secretly to a bed room near my sister's, and prayed to God that her sickness might be so severe as to alarm her fears, and excite her to seek her soul's everlasting welfare—and so it was ; which makes me believe that my desires were from the Lord, and now she is mourning for sin and longing for deliverance. O my Saviour ! give her pardon

for thine own name and mercies' sake. I now also see, what I have long desired to see, a little awakening in my father's family.

*June 9, 1809.*

I set out in company with Br. Isaac Steadman and his wife to attend a camp-meeting, which was to be holden in Monmouth. At the same time and place the annual New England Conference was holden by the Methodist Episcopal Church. The first day of the camp-meeting, it being a new kind of meeting to me—having never attended any thing of the kind before and every thing appearing strange, I gained but little profit and was much tried within myself, mostly on account of not being so much engaged as some others appeared to be. On the first evening the assembly drew near to the preacher's stand for a public prayer meeting, and as I came to the place, I cried in my heart, O Lord! I want more religion! I must have more religion! for I am not one half enough engaged in the work of God. I feel that there are greater attainments for me, even in this life. O deepen and widen the work of Grace in my *soul*. O sanctify me wholly before I leave this place. This was my prayer during the first and the second day.

After the meetings closed I retired with my female friends to try to gain a little rest, but I could not; my distress of mind was such, that sleep departed from me, and my exercises of mind increased every moment, so that I could neither sleep nor eat food. I wanted a fresh token of my Saviour's love—a new evidence that I was a child of God—yea I wanted to love him more—even so that when I returned home I might live better, and walk up-

rightly all the days of my life—yea like Jacob of old I wrestled all night, until the break of day, and would not let my Saviour go, until he blessed me. I could say with the poet ;

“ What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long,  
I rise superior to my pain ;  
When I am weak, then am I strong ;  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the *God man prevail.*”

Sabbath morning, I attended prayer meeting at the stand, O ! what a struggle I felt for perfect love, that casteth out fear.

“ My vehement soul cried out oppress’d,  
Impatient to be freed ;  
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
’Till I am sav’d indeed.”

The kind Redeemer condescended to grant me the spirit of faith by which I laid hold on the blessing, and held it fast. O ! what an enjoyment of God my soul was favored with.

“ ’Twas light descending from the skies,  
And O how marvellous in our eyes.”

O my soul !—this is a season never to be forgotten, whilst sense or reason lasts. O ! what words can paint the glorious views, which perfect love unfolds.

At the close of the prayer meeting the people went to their tents for breakfast. I could not bear to leave the endeared spot, but sat on the ground, blessing and praising the Lord for his wonderful goodness to me. Brother J. Beal came to me and said, Fanny, you must go to the tent and take some

refreshment. With the assistance of sister L. Springer I arose and they led me along to the tent. But when I got there, my soul was so full of glory, that I was ready to fly away—I was mounted on eagles' wings—I soared aloft. They presented me with a cup of coffee, and bade me eat and drink. I attempted, but was not able to raise the cup to my mouth, but cried out, I have meat to eat that the world knoweth not of. I fell back in my chair, and my soul was swimming in the ocean of God's unbounded love. O what

“Angel tongue can tell,  
'Tis love immense and unconfin'd,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.”

As soon as I had gained a little strength, I arose, and by the kind assistance of my dear sisters in the Lord, I returned to the stand; where we were soon to hear preaching. As I passed along I could say with raptures of delight;

“We're marching through  
Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.”

I took my seat to hear preaching, but I heard none at this time; for before preaching, Brother T. Merritt, the secretary of the meeting, was taking down the names of those who had experienced justification, and those who had obtained that second blessing—sanctification. He sent for me. Accordingly I went, and stepped upon the seat before the Preacher's stand; and he said to me, Have you experienced sanctification? I answered, No, for I did not then understand what sanctification was—

but I felt as I never did before. These words were scarcely uttered, when I felt a spark of divine power which took away all my bodily strength, and the last words which I heard were—she is going—but that moment I was caught up to the third heaven; and heard things unspeakable; some of which I shall attempt imperfectly to relate.

I was entirely insensible to all that passed around me in this world, and according to the best account that I have since obtained, I remained so between three and four hours. Brother T. Robinson stated that he was about to go home, but was detained on my account; being unwilling to go and leave me in this apparently lifeless situation. Knowing that my friends would be over anxious about me, he waited the event.

I was dead to all below; yet my mind was active and sensible—led on with ravishing delight to those joys that beggar all language, and far surpass description. In the first place I seemed to be transported by bright Angels, as it appeared, and was impressed on my mind, for I saw no other appearance or form than bodies of light, and in color more like the sun than that of fire; and it appeared to me that by their power they bore me upward to the paradise of God.—I thought that I came into the celestial city, and saw God and his *throne*, and as I came to the place I saw countless armies of shining spirits, who were praising God, and giving glory to the Lamb. I saw no distinct form or appearance of God, or angels, or glorified saints, but bodies of light, and those which were nearest the *throne* of God were the largest, and as they were seated farther distant from the throne, they were different in bigness and brilliancy. They

sang praises in loud strains—but I could not sing with them or learn their song—but now and then I could distinctly hear and understand these well known expressions,—Hallelujah!!—glory to God in the highest!!—I longed to join them in singing one of those heavenly anthems; and one of them said to me *you shall*, and immediately I struck in and sang so as I never did before or since.

Having enjoyed this delightful place a short time, I was again borne on the wings or rather powers of the bright shining ones back to earth again; and I came to a place where I had a view of Christ, as though he was nailed to the cross, his arms extended, and he interceding for dying men and women; and his cry was most affecting—enough to break the hardest heart of stone—whilst he said, “Father, spare them—spare the barren—those that bear no fruit spare a little longer; for I have died, O! Father, spare them.”—O yes, I saw—and O amazing sight!—in speechless wonder I lay low at his adorable feet; and O how was my soul filled when he owned me for his *child*! I could then with the utmost confidence say, “*Abba, Father.*” In short I was so filled with God and glory, that I cried out,—O Lord, enlarge my scanty vessel, or let it break. After this view I was moved on to life and activity (I mean temporal life and the activity of my bodily powers.)

As soon as the Lord was pleased to give me strength I arose in obedience to my divine Master’s command, and delivered the message which his Spirit dictated to me; and as I have since learned, there was no confusion, or disorder, or any irregularity, or the least interruption in the proceedings; for I arose (according to information) just as the

Bishop was going to preach, and the people were all seated ; while thousands flocked near the stand. Prayer had been made, and the last singing before preaching just closed, and the Rev. E. SABIN was giving some directions to the people. He had closed his remarks, and stood to see his orders obeyed—the Bishop waiting, &c. The first I knew of any thing around me I was standing upon my feet, and praising God in the midst of the people with my tongue, which was wonderfully formed of clay for that very purpose. The first words which I uttered were—" I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not—my conscience bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost."—I looked around on the congregation, and verily believe I could have told every Christian that was there—for I beheld a small light on the heads of many—some larger and some smaller. I turned my eyes on the ministers of God's holy word, and O ! what stars of different magnitudes—some of them appeared like burning lights. As I addressed myself to the people, Elder Sabin said, " So you shall, sister." All were silent until I had closed my message and sat down.

The Bishop then arose, and improved his hour ; and a most interesting and instructive discourse flowed, like a stream of deep chrystal waters, for the benefit of the large crowd of attentive hearers. My own enjoyments can never be described by mortal tongue or pen.—It was all glory, as though

    " Earth and Heaven agreed,  
    Angels and men were join'd  
    To celebrate with me,  
    The Saviour of mankind ;  
    To adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
    And bless the sound of Jesus' name."

I was like a young convert—every thing appeared new—O what enlarged views I had of that angelic song, “Glory to God on high, peace on earth, and good will toward man ;” and could add, all glory to God for the gift of the Holy Ghost !

“ ’Tis a Heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the Angels can do nothing more,  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.”

O, what a heaven of heavens ! I enjoyed in my soul. Whilst I thought on the vision and the glory, that had been revealed to me, I was almost incapable of supporting myself. I passed a most solemn, and glorious, and happy night.

The next morning we parted with affections and views, which can never fully be described. After various exercises, in solemn procession, the preachers in front, we all moved round the ground in order to take the parting hand in a regular and profitable manner, and to see the dear servants of the Lord fold each other in their arms, with tears running down their cheeks ; then tearing from each other’s embrace, and flying to publish a Saviour’s dying love to dying men, in hopes to meet again in peace, “bringing their sheaves with them,” as said the psalmist. I too could say, farewell to this happy grove. May your maples grow, and ever bear some mystic mark of that wonderful grace, which has been poured out upon the people, who have set under your cool shadows, whilst truth from the speakers’ lips has been sent home with power to the

hearts of many. Ye have witnessed the groans of the wounded, and the songs of the redeemed. After this most affecting and solemn parting we moved on toward home, and as I cast a last look toward that most endeared and never-to-be-forgotten spot, I said like Moses of old, O Lord, let thy presence go with me, and I am sure all shall be well. Joyful in God we travelled on to Readfield, and put up for the night at Wm. Taylor's, and passed the evening very agreeably in telling the great displays of Divine Mercy, which were wrought amongst the people, but especially in our own hearts; and the next day reached my father's house in Sidney, where we were received with joy. It was truly a foretaste of heaven, and although we were on earth, yet the holy angels seemed to hover over us; and though unseen, mix with the little circle, glad to join in our praises. O glory to God! for the heaven of love, which he has been pleased to let remain in my unworthy heart. I now can travel on heaven-ward with rapid steps, rejoicing evermore, and praying without ceasing. In the light afflictions which I meet I can rejoice; for God will "carry the lambs in his bosom." I have a constant cry in my heart to feel the weight of the cause of truth, and the worth of souls—to be employed in the work of God—in striving to win souls to Christ my Lord; and in obedience to my Divine Instructor, who bids me warn the wicked of their danger, I, like Isaiah, cry aloud, and spare not my voice or lungs. Some have said, don't speak so loud, but the view I have of the wretched state of the wicked constrains me to call loudly upon them, lest they sleep until they awake in endless ruin—then it will be too late. O! that truth, like a trumpet, might

awake them out of their lethargic slumber. My meditation on the happy state of the righteous has this day been such as gives great consolation ; for although many are their afflictions, the Lord delivereth out of them all.

*Friday.* I have been examining myself;—and by close examination I find that my vineyard, like David's of old, wants weeding every day, and my language is, O Lord, help me to sink down into the great deep of my own heart—do thou search, try, and prove me thyself—and now I find an easy access to the throne of grace, and have strong confidence in God my Saviour, giving glory to his *name* ; for his tender mercy is over all the work of his hands.

“Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise.”

My desires are kindling for my beloved sister Sarah, whose birth was next to my own. I want her company—I am as it were all alone—and if none will be persuaded to go with me to heaven, I am willing to go alone ; for I had rather go alone to joys on high, than sink to ruin with a gay trifling multitude. One day I met two of my young friends in a field near the pond, where I was baptized, and invited them to sit down with me. When I had spent some time in reasoning with them on the great importance of the soul's chief concern, and had sung a hymn, and prayed with them, I saw marks of penitence, and parted with them ; finding my mind much drawn out to God for a revival of religion amongst the dear youth of this place, and have some expectation and hope of seeing a turning to God from idols. I have dealt plainly with them in love, and

now leave the event with my Maker. One evening I invited my sister to accompany me to my secret devotion, but she refused me ; yet I can carry her case with me, and know not how to go to heaven, and leave her behind.

Friday I observe as a *fast*, and I pray, and read, and find profit ; and every third Friday I humble myself before the Lord in fasting and praying for the Ministers of the Gospel ;—that their words may reach others, even as they have reached me. All denominations are comprehended in the arms of my devotion. In the afternoon of this Fast day, I took my Bible, and retired to my beloved consecrated spot for devotion : and as I passed through the orchard, I reached up my hand to pluck off an apple, that was sweet and palatable to my taste. This scripture came to me, “ Lovest thou these more than me ? ” I said No—no, my Lord ! I can deny myself all the sweets which this world affords, for one single moment’s converse with thee. So I hastened on to my “ closet,” and a sweet refreshing season I had—great peace in reading the Bible on my knees before the throne of grace, for Christ is that Lamb that was slain, and has prevailed to open the book ; and I find he opens my understanding of it whilst I thus peruse it. O ! what comfort I have when alone with my Bible and my Maker—*time* seems short, and I want to be prepared for the last day of my life ; so that I may die in peace and sleep in Jesus, as saith the *Poet* ;

“How long, dear Saviour ! O how long,  
Shall that bright hour delay ?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the joyful day.”

I now have a day of rejoicing, and am exceeding glad for what the Lord has enabled me to do. I have prevailed over my sister so far, that she came down humbly with me in prayer last night, and she appeared to be somewhat affected. O that I may soon have the felicity to see her a happy convert praising God.

I sometimes spend a day in visiting my young friends, and the advice of the inspired writings, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of *life*," rests constantly on my memory, and I repeat it often; for I am afraid to go in the way of sinners, or walk in the counsels of the ungodly. I am young, and may be too easily turned out of the good way.

*Sabbath.* Our assembly is solemn, and signs of reformation appear.

*Tuesday.* The circuit preacher, E. F. NEWELL, came to my father's house to preach for the first time. His text was Psalms cxxii. 1, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up to the house of the Lord;" and he added, I also am glad that I have been brought here safe. Glory be given to God for the same. I added in my heart, Amen, if reformation attends your labor amongst us. Before he got through his sermon I had strong faith to believe that God would revive his work among us, and my little vessel was, like David's cup, running over; and I lost my bodily strength, for awhile, and the Lord revealed his glory and power to me, and I prophecied reformation. When the meeting was closed, I had the boldness of the lion; cheerfully took up my cross, and passing through, talked

with every person in the room, warning and exhorting, and the Spirit of the Lord was upon me to help and strengthen me in this duty. I could say, "the Lord is my helper, of whom shall I be afraid."

This day was marked with great good. My faith was not vain; for some were under deep awakenings, whilst all appeared serious. S. Longley and I retired for secret prayer, and a melting season we had, and as we were returning to the house, we passed by Brother I. Steadman's house, and I felt a particular impression to go into the house, and we turned in. I found there that two young women were serious, and willing to come low, and even kneel before the Lord, if we would pray for them. The adorable Saviour laid the worth of their souls so near our hearts, that we continued our supplications until about one o'clock. The two youths were hopefully converted to God. One of them arose and ran first to Brother Steadman and then to his wife, confessing her faults, and saying, Do you forgive me all that you have seen amiss in me ever since I have lived with you, for the Lord has pardoned my sins, and I want every body to forgive me also. She then came to me and said, Fanny, O how much I now love you. I fear I never should have seen my wretched situation, if it had not been for your faithful warnings to me. Although I hated you once, yet now I love you better than I do myself. I used to take pains to shun you, but now pray do permit me to keep your company. While she was speaking the other was delivered, and began to clap her hands, and shouted aloud for joy, and we all joined to praise God for his great mercy wherewith he had loved us. After commending myself to the care of my constant pre-

server, I lay down to sleep, and had a dream, which I think proper to relate. My mind was in sweet composure when I gave myself up to sleep.

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## THE DREAM.

On a sudden fear came into my mind, lest I should not hold out to the end, and be faithful unto death. If I come short of heaven, I thought I should never see my beloved father in Christ, Henry Martin. This caused me to cry to the Lord to help my infirmities, and keep me as the apple of his eye. I fancied that I fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed that a woman, who had been dead, came to me and said, "Fanny, I am sent with an errand from Brother Henry Martin to you," and as I listened to hear she began with a question. "Did you know that he was going to be married before he died?" I answered, no. "He was," said she, "and has sent me to tell you, that you must take his gown, and wear it; and when you die you must leave it where he left it." On which I awoke and exchanged my pillow for my knees. I thought on Elijah and Elisha, and was prepared to say, "behold the handmaid of the Lord, let the mantle of an Henry, or rather Elijah, rest on me. The morning flows in, but goodness and mercy flow more delightfully. This is one of my good mornings. I believe the Lord is about to send us reformation.

I also had another vision of the night, which was as follows; I dreamed that I was in a very narrow path, and on either side grew thorns and briars—I thought that two very young children were entrusted

to my care. Them I had to help along, and so I made very slow progress, and was torn by the briars as I passed. At length I came to a dismal slough, which at first sight appeared impassable; but as I drew near I saw that some persons had passed, and had left their tracks in the mud. I took my children up under my arms, and ventured forward. After some fatigue I reached the other side of the slough, and ascending a rise of land, I sat down to rest; but soon I arose and resumed my journey, travelling with rapidity and courage, resolving to finish my journey before sun-set. When I came to the top of a long hill I again sat down to rest, and looking before me I saw, at the distance of about half a mile, a large river, which I expected to cross. Finding the sun almost down, I rested a little while, and then set out again with new zeal, taking my children one under each arm. After much fatigue I reached the bank of the river, and set my children down. I looked for a passage where I could cross, but could see none. I then betook myself to prayer, and before I arose from my devotion, the circuit preacher, Brother Newell, came and said that he had come to help me across the river; on which I awoke.

Reflecting on my dream, I explained it thus. The two young women who were converted a few nights before were my two little children; and I must nurse them by watching over them in love, and so help them on to heaven; and the servants of God would help in this work. I then prayed to the God of heaven, that he would give me strength to bear them on my mind continually, as I did my children in my arms in my dream; for I know that we can be helps to each other, having found great

help from the pious labors of my very dear Christian friends. O Lord! help me to stand in my lot and proper place; for I feel many and various duties resting with weight on my heart.

The ordinances of God's house are my delight. Reading the Bible and committing it to my memory are sweet employments. In searching this inestimable treasure, I find that there are great attainments to be made. Yes, O yes, many and very great are the promises of God to his humble, faithful followers. There is also a growth in grace, and I thirst to be perfected in every good work, as saith the inspired writer. Thanks be to my Almighty Saviour for what has been done for me already. O Lord! go on—refine my heart from its dross—from every base desire, and inspire me with a pure heart to serve thee acceptably. Help me so to keep myself from all sin, that the wicked one may not touch me. Keep thou me as the apple of thine eye, for I am perfect weakness.

*Sabbath morn.* O how great the change from darkness to light—whereas I was once blind I now see—the Lord has opened my eyes, for I now see and lament the sad condition of poor perishing sinners. With a deep impression on my affected mind I feel it is a duty to tell them of their danger, and warn them to flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on that blessed hope set before them in the gospel. But I am often kept back from a compliance with this duty—realizing my weakness and inability to speak in the name of the Lord, who has told me to reprove sin, wherever I see it. I find the cross here to be very heavy for me, a poor female youth, to take up continually, and too often I shrink from it; but in so doing I pierce myself through with ma-

ny sorrows. This day many passages of scripture flow through my mind with power and solemnity ; such as these, " When I say to the wicked, thou shalt surely die ; if thou give him not warning, nor speak to warn the wicked from his wicked ways to save his life, that wicked man shall die in his sin ; but his blood will I require at thy hand." I do see the sword of justice lifted up to slay the wicked, and I must take up my cross, and give them warning ; for they are blind and deaf—the Sun of Righteousness is not arisen upon them ; and shall I refuse to give them warning ?—If I do, I shall bring condemnation, and displease the King of kings, and be reckoned amongst the disobedient and slothful servants, who hide their talent in the earth, and refuse to occupy their Lord's money. Shall I hear that fearful sentence, " Thou wicked and slothful servant ?"—Forbid it—O forbid it, most merciful Lord ! and help a child, who trusts in thee, to do thy holy will—to occupy my talent unto my dying day. O help me to improve the talent committed to my care ; for I do desire to be a living branch of the living vine, which bears much fruit ; increasing every year, bearing more and more, Amen, and amen.

*July 8th, 1809.*

My conscience is tender,—like Jeremiah, I can say, " O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears ;" then would I weep day and night for my guilty kindred spirits, bound to the eternal world, and altogether unprepared for that—to them—dread moment. Nor are my tears in vain, for now I feel, and believe that God has heard my feeble prayers, and sent down answers of peace.

My dear sister S. has, I humbly hope and trust, passed from death unto life. Praise ye the Lord, all ye his saints ! My soul will rejoice in his work—reformation is spreading—O that it may reach every heart—O give me to feel the weight of the cause, and the worth of souls. I am willing to do or suffer anything for Christ, my Lord, which he sees best to lay upon me ; not regarding what man shall say or do in opposition ; for through Christ strengthening me,

“ I can do all things, or can bear  
All sufferings, if my Lord be there.”

Last night in my sleep my thoughts were again occupied in preaching to perishing sinners. When awake, the subject rests upon me, and I am brought to wonder, why my mind is so much on preaching, both night and day, sleeping and waking, seeing I am but a feeble woman. At times I think I will go and join the people called Quakers or Friends, because they approbate females to preach amongst them. Travelling and visiting from house to house is all my delight, and the joy of my heart. Notwithstanding I have labored to collect all the objections that could be made against a woman's speaking in public, on any occasion whatever, to excuse myself, and then owning that it was my youth and ignorance that had pushed me forward,—after all my labor, I could not ease my conscience, or obtain peace of mind ; therefore I must go in that way where I can find peace with God ; for if God frowns upon me, who can appease his wrath ? Yet it is so crucifying to my proud nature, that I too often neglect my duty, framing some excuse ; but find by sad

experience that it will not do. I have again and again given myself unreservedly to the Lord; and at times I am perfectly willing that he should do with me what seemeth good in his sight; for although I am *weak*, yet HE is strong—he will help all my infirmities.

*Friday.* This is my day for fasting and prayer. O that I may appear to fast in the sight of Him, who searcheth the heart; and not to be seen of men. I want humility, and I want to stand in my lot and place.

*August 1st, 1808.*

At this time my mind was greatly exercised. It appeared that God had something for me to do, that I had not done. The Spirit of the Lord followed me, as though it was urging me to do something, and I knew not what it was; but finally concluded that I must give my time more to visiting from house to house. Accordingly I did, but this did not relieve me. I still felt the drawings of that Spirit; and so great was the anxiety of my mind, that often in the night seasons I imagined myself in some distant land, exhorting, praying, and warning sinners. More and more distressing were my feelings, until at length, like Saul of Tarsus, I cried out "Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" This prayer I continued for full three months, until the Lord was pleased to make my duty plain.

*September.* I find for about four weeks past my mind has had many reflections; some of which I wish to relate. Lord! I am thine; O keep me as in the hollow of thine hand, and under the shadow of thy wing; for I want more of that wisdom from

above, that is profitable to direct. Then I shall be prudent, for thus it is written, "I, Wisdom, dwell with prudence and find out knowledge of witty inventions. O wisdom! thou hast builded thine house—thou hast hewn out thy seven pillars—thou hast spread thy table, and killed thy beasts, and mingled thy wine, and sent forth thy maidens. She crieth upon the high places of the city, "Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither." As for him who wanteth understanding, she saith to him, "Come, eat of my bread and drink of the wine which I have mingled. Forsake the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding." O my soul! mark well this invitation, and exhortation. I have heard the voice of wisdom, and I have inclined my ear to hearken, and have come to learn the way of peace; for I have heard her say, "I love them who love me, and they who seek me early shall find me." Well, saith she, "I will tell thee what shall be the beginning, and also what shall be the happy end of following my instruction." Well, wisdom, I have come to inquire for the old paths, and the good way. Wisdom answers me, "Hear, and I will speak of excellent things. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding. Also the fear of the Lord is to hate evil: pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth do I hate. Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I am understanding; I have strength; my fruit is better than gold, yea than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver. I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment, that I may cause those who love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures. Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O

ye children; for blessed are they who keep my ways." O wisdom, I have found thee! Yes, according to thine own words, I have found thy beginning, and I will have no other guide. I do hate evil, pride, and a froward mouth. Yea! every evil way, and thou hast told me that thou hast strength; therefore,

"Though feeble, pinion'd in the dust I lie,  
Yet thou the great I AM, canst raise me high;  
Come then, great patron, and thy will be done,  
For thou canst finish what thou hast begun."

Wisdom, if thou hast found me, hold me fast; for truly wisdom is better than rubies, and all things that can be desired are not to be compared to it. Therefore receive her instructions, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold; for they are plain to him who understandeth, and might to them who have knowledge. Good is thy caution, O wisdom, for I do desire to hold thee fast. I believe that thou art better than rubies, and I desire thee more than gold, or silver, honor, or even long life; there I will pursue thy paths, for I perceive that they are the paths of PEACE, and I am happy that I have found thee.

Now I am encouraged, because of thy word, which saith, "Blessed is the man that heareth me, waiting daily at my gates." Here let me live, watching, and waiting; so shall I increase my strength, wisdom, and understanding. Praise God, O my soul, for thou art rich; yea, thou hast an inexhaustible store, the fountain of all good. Now also thou mayest be rich in good works, for nothing shall be able to stop thy progress, if thou commit the keeping of thy soul to him in well doing,

as unto a faithful creator ; no, nothing but sin can separate between thee and thy God, for wisdom hath told me so. O wisdom ! under thy protection I shall not be afraid of enchanted ground, or tremble at the roariug lion, that seeketh to devour—no for

“ I can walk through death’s darkest shade,  
If Christ be with me there ;”—

and while passing over the rough sea of life, say, Wisdom ! shall I not be safe, although I may see heavy storms, may not

“ My little bark most firm abide,  
And every boisterous storm outside ?”

I still listen while Wisdom speaks to me again. “ If ye bear fruit, well ; if not, ye shall be cut off, as a branch that is withered ;—for as the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit ; so shall ye be my disciples. Remember these important declarations of Christ, thy Saviour ; for whoso findeth me findeth life and shall obtain favor of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul : all they who hate me love *death*.”

Thus my mind has been enriched from the true source of all essential knowledge, and with Solomon I can say, “ O Jesus ! thou art altogether lovely—the chiefest amongst ten thousand—thou only art worthy to be adored—for thy name is ‘ wonderful, counsellor, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, Immanuel.’ ”

Therefore 'I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord **JEHOVAH** is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.'"

"I am safe and I am happy,  
While on thy dear name I lie;  
Sin or Satan cannot harm me,  
While my *Saviour* is so nigh."

"Lord, I am weak, but thou art strong,  
Thou art my portion and my song."

Thou hast instructed me and taught me as never man taught; and I clearly see what the poet meant, when he said,

"Every moment, Lord! I need  
The merits of thy death."

O Lord, clothe me with humility, as with a garment; for all the ornament which I seek is a meek and quiet spirit. Willingly I lay aside all outward ornaments, and seek for all that inward adorning of the mind, which will meet the approbation of my Judge in the *great day*. Although for this sacrifice my youthful friends ridicule me and call me superstitious, and say, "how simple she is, to strip off all her gaiety, and dress so plainly, and appear so mean, and leave all her young friends and not join them even in the least cheerful mirth;" yet when I consider my accountability, not only for my precious blood-bought *time*, but also for all I possess, I can say amidst it all;

"For *this* let men revile my name,  
No cross I fear, despise all shame;

All hail reproach, and welcome pain,  
Only thy terrors, Lord ! restrain."

After these soul-reviving seasons, in which my views of time and eternity were expanded, I had some unexpected trials to pass through ; some of which I will briefly notice, for the profit of the youth, who perhaps may be benefited by reading my experience. They commenced by many unpleasant thoughts darting into my mind, which troubled me much, and I consider them as from the enemy ; my cry is,

"Away, vain thoughts that lodge within."

Thus resisting the unhallowed impressions, and drawing near to God by constant inward breathings, I close the day in peace, and come to my place of devotion with these sweet words ;

"I come to own thy power divine,  
That watches o'er my days."

For several days I could say with David, "my foot had well nigh slipped ;" but these temptations only served to rouse up my mind, and prepare me to be ready to meet what followed.

Several of my young friends had experienced a change of heart, and we spent many happy, and I trust profitable hours together, which endeared us to each other. I viewed them as tokens of God's favor to me, and they viewed me as instrumental of their good.

"My God, I am thine, what comfort divine,  
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine

In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am ;  
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

“ Now onward I haste to the heavenly feast ;  
That, that is the fulness ; but this is the taste ;  
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus’s love.”

My mind was sweetly exercised, even in sleep ;  
—one night I fancied that I was in a large assembly  
preaching from these words, “ Repent, for the kingdom  
of heaven is at hand.” Could I preach as  
well when awake as when asleep, I should think  
“ wo is me, if I preach not the Gospel ;”—and even  
now if I was a man, I should think it was my duty,  
and should be willing to go and preach Jesus,  
and hold a bleeding Saviour up to view before a  
guilty world of sinners. O Saviour ! thou art calling  
me to something, I know not what ; but my  
concern is so great for my fellow-mortals, that I  
could willingly do or suffer whatever the good Lord  
should be pleased to lay upon me.

“ Come, O my God, thyself reveal,  
Fill all this mighty void.”

For thou only canst make duty plain, and give my  
troubled bosom peace.—Thou, Lord, hast given  
me a talent to occupy, and by grace I am determined  
to be faithful unto death.

*October 1st.*

My mind is led to view Jesus as the only Saviour,  
and he is every way sufficient to save a helpless  
soul, who trusts in him for grace and receives power  
daily to conquer every foe, and press towards the  
kingdom.

For two months past I have written very little. Reading, meditation, and prayer has drank up the moments, which I could arrest from the busy scenes of domestic employment, and the fruit has been sweet. The anxieties of my mind have been great; and I have not wisdom enough to discern all the devices of the enemy. To use the words of the poet;

“I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;  
I ever into ruin run,  
But thou art greater than my heart.”

Mark the features of my mind. For I have “put on Christ, making no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof;” neither can I bear to have one moment of my time run to waste, but all my time spent to the glory of God and the good of souls.—Time to me appears to be short. O that I may do a little good in the vineyard of the Lord before I die. Stimulate my heart, O thou Prince Immanuel! that I may be more industrious, and more prudent, more watchful, prayerful, humble and holy, yea, like thyself, thou source of all perfection.

With the apostle of the Gentiles I can pray, “may the very God of peace sanctify me wholly;—may spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.” 1 Thess. v. 23.

One week more has rolled into vast eternity, and my great Redeemer has been very precious to my soul. This day I sat under the droppings of his sanctuary, and his banner over me was *love*. O my love, thou art all fair—there is no spot in thee—let me be adorned with thy righteousness, and

then I shall be prepared for *heaven* ; yea, I shall have a heaven to go to heaven in.

“The way the holy Prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King’s highway of holiness  
I’ll go ; for all his paths are peace.”

One day more is gone, and it is

“A heaven below my Redeemer to know,  
And the Angels can do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.”

O ! the unbounded love I have for God, and the melting love I have for perishing sinners ! Lord ! revive thy blessed work in this place, and strengthen the weak lambs of thy flock.

One *Sabbath* more—O Lord ! give me wisdom and strength, skill and grace to know, and do thy will ; yea, Lord, let me receive the word from thy mouth, and warn the people from thee. Blessed be God for his goodness to me this day ; for he has given me strength to stand in his council. In the morning, whilst prostrate before him in prayer, I had an immediate answer, that he would give me strength to do my duty, warn the wicked and reprove sin wherever I see it. O Lord ! make me a terror to evil doers, and a praise to those who do well. Several weeks roll away, and nothing special. Some trials and depression of spirit I experienced ; for I cannot give up the thoughts of visiting other regions before I die, especially Vermont. But I rest with great confidence, that God, whose I am and whom I serve, will clear the way before me.

The Lord makes my days to prosper, while

“I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.”

This holy treasure—the Bible! O what a body of truth—how deep its mines—how rich its treasures. O thou, who alone canst give me true understanding of it, shine forth. I thank thee for what I do already understand of this mystery. Yet all I have learned only begets an unbounded hungering and thirsting after wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption.

“O God! thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore;  
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,  
That I may love thee more.”

O shall I—even I, stand on Zion’s balmy top?—Shall I see the King in his beauty—shall I wear a white robe—shall I bear a glittering crown on my exalted head, through grace? This precious word informs me that I may.—What a monument of grace shall I be, if I ever get to heaven. Glory to God in the highest, that there is peace to be obtained on this earth!

“JESUS, the name that charms our fears,  
And bids our sorrows cease;  
’Tis music in the sinner’s ears,  
’Tis life, and health, and peace.”

My days are passing sweetly away, whilst I am watching for opportunities to expose all sinful habits, especially those of youth. This day I have had opportunity of showing the evils, which result

from so much time being wasted by young people. O how many fair characters have been spoiled by the evil customs, too prevalent amongst the youth, of wasting hours in company every night. Tears cannot wipe away the evil. I retire to my devotions and pray for reformation; and realize, that if the precious time thus badly wasted was to be improved in useful and pious employments, what great benefit would be realized and happiness secured! I find the name of the Lord a strong tower and safe refuge—there I can hide from all my foes. O blessed forever be that holy hand, that has turned my feet from evil ways, which strengthens me daily to perform my vow. O what a blessed choice I have made, now in the morning of life. This adorning of Christ's righteousness, which I now feel to adorn my soul, exceeds all the fine equipage of a King's daughter; for the most costly fine gilded robes cannot preserve us from the vanities of this world, neither can vast riches preserve us from temptation, or all the gilded show and advantage of learning preserve the robe of innocency from stains, much less can any of these forgive sin, remove guilt, or save the soul from death and condemnation in the day of judgment, or from the lake of fire.

Glory to God! Religion can do all this—yea! the religion which Christ teaches gives daily bread, that will increase strength, and enable the soul to quench all the fiery darts of the enemy, and keep their robes unspotted from the world. Now I can sing,

“My strength is all in Jesus' name;  
His name is my delight;

His power preserves me all the day,  
His goodness, all the night."

My soul is a witness of the divine reality of religion. O, my merciful Redeemer! preserve me to be thy unwavering witness forever. Religion!—it is an insurmountable barrier against all the assaults of this vain world. Who, then, would not seek this pearl of great price—this hidden treasure—hid from a sensual mind, but in the full view of all such as seek the Lord sincerely, with full purpose of heart! O, my dear youthful reader! choose the good part, like Mary, and it will not be taken from you.—The sneers of a gay, wicked circle, will not disturb fixed piety. Make it your main business, then, to seek the Lord—choose him for your prophet, priest and king—then it shall be well with you in *time* and *eternity*. Sway thy sceptre, O Jesus!—ride forth in victorious mercy, O thou mighty conqueror! and let truth like arrows, reach the heart of the sinner. O! that they may be converted to thee; for thy name and mercies' sake.

Many were the gracious seasons which I enjoyed, both in public and private devotions, through this winter.

"Lord, keep me safe while here below,  
And fill my soul with meekness too."

"God is my sun, and he's my shield,  
Through him I'm sure to win the field."

*March, 1810.*

We have had a solemn meeting, and the circuit preacher, Brother Newell, tarried over night at my father's and employed a few hours of his time in

writing, whilst I and my sister were sitting in the same room. He stopped writing and paused a moment, and then tore off a small piece of paper, and wrote upon it, and reached it to me. I took it, and began to read the first question, and was so struck that I dared not read further. I folded it up, and after a short time I withdrew, and in secret retirement on my knees before the Lord, I prayed and said, O Lord God of Israel! if there is any thing written in this paper, that is contrary to thy will, or that will take my mind from thee, or draw my affections from thee, I had rather not read it—nor can I dare to read it, until thou shalt give me freedom so to do. Therefore I come to thee, O God.

After spending some time I felt free to open and read the writing, which was as follows ;—"Please to weigh the following questions in solemn prayer before God, and when you feel free, give me an answer.—1st. Are you convinced that it is your duty to change your state?—2d. Is your mind drawn to any person in particular?—It is not vain speculation that makes me ask these questions. I shall have but one more to ask.—O that *eternity* may influence all our movements."—This was all it contained.

Brother Newell soon took leave of the family. After praying with us, he went on to his appointment.

O God! I am thine, and I do believe that thou wilt direct me in all things. My heart seems to be so closely pressed to my Saviour, and so taken with his charms, that none of these things move me from him, but only serve to make me more on my guard.—Yea, they drive me to the throne of grace.

“’Tis all my happiness below  
To live beneath the cross.”

Glory to God in the highest for the cross! By it I am crucified to the world, and the world to me.

Two weeks rolled away. When Br. Newell came to his appointment, he asked me if I had weighed those questions, and was prepared to give any answer. I replied, Not fully; but am willing to relate some of the exercises of my mind, which I did. When he had prayed with the family, he went on his way, and in one week returned, took dinner, joined with us to sing and pray, and as he was going away he gave me a paper, and said, “Sister Fanny, I wish you to watch and be much in prayer to God;” and then left me. On the paper he had written a sketch of his former character, his experience, and call to the ministry; and then asked me this question, “could you join such an one in marriage, and help him in the great work of saving souls?” He added, “I cannot advise one of your tender age and delicate constitution to join, and engage in so arduous a work, with one who has no worldly property or prospect to present to you for comfort; having nothing, yet possessing all things; but if you are convinced, that the Lord has called you to this great work, and I could be so happy as to have your help, I would receive you as a tender lamb to my bosom, and by the grace of God, be a guard to you; while you might labor with me in the gospel. May the Lord give thee understanding in all things. Farewell. E. F. N.”

Having examined this writing, like the former, in retirement, I now lifted my heart to God and said, O thou God of love, I am now brought to the test,

and tremble, lest I miss my object, and sink in quicksands ; and thereby lose my peace, and be disappointed in my expectation.

From this time until we were married, which was not until the following October, we had very little private conversation. For a number of weeks I have had daily communion with God. Doubts, fears, temptations, and trials, all shrink before the breath of prayer.

Just before brother Newell was going to the Annual New-England Conference, he came to my father's and happening to be left in a room with him alone, he asked me if I had weighed the subjects on which he had written, so as to be able and ready to give him a full answer. I paused a moment and then answered, yes. " Well," continued he, " if thy heart is right with my heart, as my heart is with thine, give me thy hand." After a moment's silence, I reached out one hand to him and covered my eyes with the other ; and in my heart said, " O God, thou knowest that for thy sake I do this, and not for ease, honor, riches, or pleasure." He returned from conference having been appointed to Norridgewock circuit. We conversed together a little and concluded to be published. He returned not until the day before we were married, which was at a quarterly meeting holden in Sidney, near my father's house. What a most solemn, melting, and precious season ! There was a large concourse of people.

After the preaching I felt such an impression to speak, that I did not dare to neglect it ; but rose and exhorted the people ; and had great liberty in so doing. Brother Newell rose, read an hymn, and after singing mentioned to the people his intention

to be joined in marriage after the meeting was closed, and before the sacrament should be attended ; and gave his various reasons for thus doing. One reason was, that if any one wished to withdraw, there was full liberty to do it without disorder. The service was closed by prayer ; but no one withdrew or moved.

Then brother Newell turned toward me, and came to the seat where I sat, and presented his hand. I arose and gave him mine and could truly say,

“ I take my helmet, sword and shield,  
And boldly march into the field.”

I valued no man's smile or frown, praise or reproach.

“ I've listed in the holy war,  
Content with suffering soldier's fare ;  
I've listed and I mean to fight  
The fight of faith, with all my might.”

During the ceremony a poor broken hearted sinner, about three yards before us, cried aloud for mercy ; and, as I have since learned, found peace. After we were married, Mr. Newell turned with the other preachers, and immediately engaged to prepare and administer the sacrament ; and a most precious solemn time it was. Thus according to our wish we were married without any more ceremony than necessity required.

We had been each (although unknown to the other) fasting, and praying for a divine manifestation at the quarterly meeting, and when that soul cried out for mercy, it was to us such a full answer to our prayer, that we were ready to say, Of a truth the Lord has

deigned to grace our union with his divine presence. At the dawn of day Mr. Newell went on his way, and left me to my devotions and my God.

*November 10th.*

Mr. Newell returned, and on the 11th I started with him on a tour round his circuit, and in this journey I was more than ever confirmed, that I was in the work, for which the Lord had by painful scenes for several years been preparing me. Yea, blessed be God, for he does confirm his word with signs following. At every appointment the melting power of God was more or less experienced.

I attended one funeral occasion, and I was amply paid for all my fatigue.—

There were the remains of two children to be buried, who were burnt in a house whilst the parents were absent. The first alarm the woman heard was—“Your house is on fire and the children are in it.”—They were all they had. O how good it is to recommend religion to those who are in trouble. The Lord can give rest to the aching breast of a bereaved parent. Blessed be God, his work is sweet, and his reward is glorious, and I am none too good to be worn out in his service ; I am thine, O Lord ! do with me what seemeth to thee good.

I returned to my father's in March, and was received with joy by my friends, but found my mother sick. Mr. Newell returned to his circuit the next day, and I find the goodness of God so great to me, that I pray earnestly for humility and meekness, lest I should be self-exalted and proud ; for I am feeble, and without the grace of God I can do nothing right.

In April I attended one quarterly meeting in

Fairfield, and another in Augusta. They were most solemn meetings to me, but the Lord was my *Rock!*

*May, 1811.*

I attend class meeting, and find painful sensations at the thoughts of leaving this society, so endeared to me by ties the most sacred. It is hard to think of parting with my dear brethren in Sidney—to leave a people with whom I have been united in such strong bonds of friendship, and covenant love. O what a precious vine the Lord has planted here—tender plants of his own right hand's planting, plants of renown. O may they grow and thrive as in the court-yard of Heaven—like trees by the river, whose leaf doth not wither, but bringeth forth fruit in its season. Here my feet were taken from the horrible pit and miry clay, and placed on the rock of ages—the chief corner stone—and a new song put into my mouth—even praises to God. He has established my goings;—all glory to his exalted name. He has engrafted me into his vine; yes, the good shepherd has called me by name, and I delight to follow him, and now he calls me, shall I say where? O hast thou indeed called me to labor in thy extended vineyard with thy servant? O speak the answer to my heart—commission me anew. O live in my heart—

“Spring up, O well, I ever cry,  
Spring up within my soul.”

Let me go to the people as a cloud full of rain. Prepare me, thou God of love, go with me, for Jacob cannot rise but by thee. O thou most mighty,

clothe me with humility. I am consoled, O Lord, when I reflect, that thou knowest the secrets of my heart; for I have not followed cunningly devised fables. I have been like a lamb bleating for its dam, and would not be silent or stop, until it found the breast on which it might be nourished. I have been fed on the sincere milk of the word, and still I desire it; for I am not able to eat strong meat. Thou knowest, O my heavenly Father, what I have need of to qualify me to do what seemeth to thee good. Let thy presence go with me—

“O let me live my God to please,  
My God to glorify;  
To spread content and happiness,  
On all his sons beneath.”

*Evening.* O Lord, assist me to write so that, while I pen down my thoughts, and the feelings of my heart, I may be strengthened, quickened and solemnized; for it is possible that, whilst some of my friends are reading these sentences impressed by my own hand on this paper, they may be stirred up to seek and serve God. Now as I humbly trust, in obedience to thee, O my Redeemer, I am contemplating a journey to Vermont. How often I have been there in my mind! The time is at hand that I must leave my father's house, my parents dear, my brothers and sisters, whom I love, and go, perhaps to see them no more on earth; yet I shall retain a lasting remembrance of the delightful unruffled hours, which I have passed with this family, from which I claim my birth. The Lord has already done great things for us, and I firmly believe that he will effect a more glorious work in the hearts

of those, who remain as yet unconverted. I have prayed for them day and night. O never shall I forget the wrestlings I have had for their dear souls.

“All this still legible in memory’s page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee, as my members may.  
A frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorn’d in Heaven—  
Though little notic’d here.”

*May, 1811.*

I am now preparing for a long journey. O how happy are all those, who walk with a single eye to the glory of God. Now, O Lord, help me to discharge all my duties in this place faithfully, before I leave it; for I may never return. I have been taking a retrospective view of my life, since I professed religion, and feel a peace of mind, that tongue cannot express; for although I see my short comings, yet I can say with Paul, I take the people of this vicinity to record this day, that I am clear of their blood; for I have not shunned to declare unto them the whole counsel of God, so far as he has revealed it to me, and has given me ability to perform it; and have warned them publicly, from house to house, with many tears; yea, they all know from the first of my conversion, in what manner I have been taught in the school of Christ; and I have learnt many profitable lessons. The first was, “Watch and pray always.” “Four things thou must watch over, viz.—1st. thy thoughts, 2d. thy affections. 3d. thy words. 4th. thy actions. Six things thou must watch against, viz.—1st. those things that thou art most inclined to by temper and

natural constitution. 2d. against those sins thou art most obnoxious to, by reason of thy particular calling, condition, state and course of life. 3d. the sins of the time and place where thou livest. 4th. all occasions of temptation, which thou perceivest are likely to endanger thy soul. 5th. against dishonoring God in the unlawful use of lawful things. 6th. error and seduction of mind. Three things thou must watch for, 1st. the movings of God's Spirit. 2d. opportunities to glorify God in doing good. 3d. to get good. Three things may stimulate to these duties, 1st. most of the the sins into which any one falls are by carelessness and want of watchfulness. 2d. the enemy of our soul is watchful to destroy us. 3d. the necessity of perseverance, whereunto a concurrence of our care and diligence is required." To watch over the thoughts is most important. I must be very careful not to lodge or entertain sinful thoughts in my mind.—But how can I prevent wild thoughts from coming into my mind? One preacher observed, "we cannot prevent birds flying over our heads, but we can prevent their making nests in our hair." I must consider the remedies which are so plainly laid down in the word of God. I will settle in my mind strong and deep apprehensions of the perfections of Jehovah—his Omnipresence and Omniscience, and will say, "thou God seest me." It shall be my care to suppress bad thoughts when they first rise. I will not comply with them, but abandon, and abhor them, and cry out unto the Lord for help. I will endeavor to have a stock of good matter always on hand for my thoughts to work upon. A good man hath a good treasure in his heart, out of which he

bringeth forth good things. I will strive to spiritualize my daily employments, and the surrounding worldly objects, and raise some holy meditations from them; for this was my Saviour's constant practice. The fowls—the water—the ox—the crib—the husbandman, &c. constantly furnished subjects for useful lessons of instruction; and can I follow a better example? If I am conscientiously watchful over my thoughts, it will be a great argument for my sincerity, and the truth of the grace of God in me. Many restraints lie upon the outer man to over-awe it, and keep it from evil; but the power of grace appears, when it commands the inward man, and lays restraints upon our thinking faculties, and brings every thought into captivity in obedience to Christ; who saith, “out of the heart proceedeth evil thoughts. The evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth evil things; but the good man out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things.” David said, “I hate vain thoughts, but thy law do I love.—I meditate therein day and night.” It is the evil that proceedeth from the heart, that defileth a man, therefore thus saith the Lord, “let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and unto our God, for he will abundantly pardon.” My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee in the night watches. I thought on my ways, and turned my feet into thy testimonies. I will commend my works unto the Lord, and my thoughts shall be established. Grant me grace, O Lord! that I may keep my heart with all diligence for out of it are the *issues of life*.

*Saturday.* I am putting up my clothes for my journey to Vermont. Truly we need a few necessary things for the poor body, yet I want but little, nor that little long ; for He, who careth for the little sparrow, surely careth for me. This is indeed a solemn day to me. I am continually thinking of leaving my native land to go, I know not where.

I have given my mortal interest up,  
To make my God my all ;

and truly when

“ Jesus shows his mercy mine,”

I am satisfied ; for

“ His presence makes my paradise,  
And where he is—is heaven.”

But a few days more, and I shall leave my father's house—that dear circle—but I can by the grace of God say, farewell, my earthly friends—farewell. My Saviour calls and I must go.—It is with solemn joy that I look forward to next Monday, or the time when the parting hour will come.

Ah ! little did I once think that I should ever leave my native home ; for I have often painted to myself a permanent residence in the midst of my connections, and long to enjoy that society which I love. Now I plainly see that God has appointed me a very different course, and feel confident that nothing but the Spirit of the Lord has effected the work of making me willing, and obtaining my parents' and friends' consent to give me up and let

me go from their house, at this tender age. These and like reflections cause me to say, O Lord ! if I can be of use in thy cause, take me, and do with me as thou didst with the Apostles—baptize me with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. Go with me and I can forsake father and mother, sister and brother, yea, all, for thy sake and the Church's. O give me the hundred fold, which thou hast promised as my reward in this world, with persecution. I claim the promise ! O give it me ; and

“I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.”

O Lord, my God ! life eternal, is the remainder of the sum. O my soul, how rich thou mayest be, if thou wilt only prove faithful unto death. Surely

“I must fight, if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord.”

Once more I resume my pen to record a few of my thoughts. It relieves my mind. The Lord is good, and seems to favor me with a great degree of peace ; nevertheless I have many childish feelings, when I think of leaving my friends, and being separated so far from them. Yet I cannot but look forward with joy to the parting day. However, if I could go, as I could wish, it would not be so painful at the last, as nature would suggest. I have been trying to have my work done and well done, as I have before said. I have more work to do here ; I have yet a few charges to leave with my dear sister Sarah, who has set out with me for heaven. We have been like true yokefellows to help each other on in the good way, and now I am about to leave her, I

have some fears that she will backslide, as all her young friends are against her ; for Christ hath said, "he that is not for me is against me." I have a few things to say to the rest of the children. Ah ! how can I leave the dear little twins—my youngest brother and sister—seeing I have had a particular care of them so long, that they twine about my affectionate heart.

*Sabbath.* It is the last I expect to spend again very soon with my Sidney friends and brethren. May this be the best that I ever had.

*Evening.* O blessed be God for his great goodness to me. He has enabled his handmaid to discharge her last duty to her brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors, saint and sinner, with a calmness of spirit, that I did not expect. But the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth forever. Glory to God in the highest. My soul is happy—happy—Hallelujah.

*Monday, May 12th, 1811.*

The expected solemn delightful morning is come, and now, O Lord ! stand by me this once also, that I may take leave of my friends with composure of spirit, and console their hearts, and give them peace in believing that it is all for the best good of thy cause, that I should leave them, and that I go in obedience to thee ; for no money would be tempting enough to draw me thus to leave this, to me, most delightful place. But I must leave off writing and attend prayers ; for the neighbors are already collecting to see me go, and give me the parting hand.

Tuesday evening we arrived at brother Bishop's in Winthrop and were received with marks of the greatest Christian kindness. Yesterday I took leave of my weeping friends,—and a memorable

season it will be to me. I with joy and grief in my heart took the parting hand of an affectionate father and mother, brothers and sisters, kind and dear—a loving society of Christians, and dear neighbors, whilst a solemnity rested on my mind, which I cannot describe. Silence prevailed while I ascended the carriage—tears and soft sighs were left to tell the farewell! We sat silent in the carriage, whilst moving onward.

I have now set out on my long anticipated mission to Vermont. What am I going for?—riches? no—ease? surely not—honor or pleasure?—all these I leave to those who love them. I have higher attainments in my mind. I have more worthy objects in view. I am going to seek a bride for my Master, and hope to win souls to Christ, my Lord! Now, O God of love, thou, who hast thus far opened and prepared my way before me, assist me to do my every duty, and keep me in the hollow of thine hand, and guide my feet in the ways of righteousness. I find it good to journey with one, who delights to sing and pray. We travel by easy stages, and find many kind friends on our way.

*Saturday.* We arrive at brother Place's in Rochester, N. H. I am a little fatigued, but have enjoyed a quiet and peaceful frame of mind until today; but from what cause my mind is disquieted I know not. My cry is,

“Come, Lord, in my poor heart appear,  
My God, my Saviour, come away;  
O cheer me with a heavenly ray.”

We had several meetings. The sacramental season was good, but the prayer meeting was extraordinary.

*Monday.* We left Rochester to go on to father Newell's. The rocky roads of New-Hampshire retard our progress, and we fall far short of our expected haven. Night comes on, and I am very much fatigued, and we begin to inquire for a place of entertainment. There were no inns near. We applied, and applied, and found nothing but denial. Every one had some excuse. This indeed was a trying scene to me. I began to reflect how often my parents entertained strangers, yea, they always kept open doors for friends and foes. I have seen my father go and sit down by the side of the highway, as though he waited the arrival of some strangers, that he might say to them, "turn in, I have straw and provender enough"—nor do I remember their ever turning any one away. At length we came in sight of a small house, and I said to my companion, let us go there. He observed, the house was small and out of the road, and we had better pursue our course to a large elegant house, which just began to appear in sight, where we might be made comfortable. I observed, perhaps they will not be more willing, and if I can rest my weary head safe from the damp vapors of the night, it is enough. As we came opposite the house, an old man came out, crippling toward the bars.—Mr. Newell hailed him in this language, "Father! have you room for weary pilgrims?" "Yes, yes, turn in, turn in," replied he, and hastened with all his dexterity to the bars, and began to remove them with as much apparent joy, as though he had just received a friend, who had been long absent; and with as much joy we turned in. With gratitude to my God, in my heart I exclaimed, blessed be God for his goodness. We went in and found a neat

family, consisting of the aged parents and one daughter. We thankfully partook of their wholesome fare ; had a very precious interview, and in the morning they followed us to the highway, pronounced many blessings on us, having freely entertained us without money or price. Thank the Lord that there are some, who delight to do good and communicate. O Lord ! thou hast promised to reward a cup of cold water, and wilt thou not remember these who have entertained us strangers?

*May 21st.* We reached Pembroke, N. H., and I was presented to father and mother Newell, as a new daughter, whom God had added to the family. They received me with every mark of attention and respect. We passed about two weeks in visiting the connexions, holding meetings, and enjoying some interesting and profitable interviews with the church.

We had a good time at father Newell's ; and June 19th set out for Barnard, Vt., where the New-England Conference is to be holden, and where Mr. Newell expects to receive his appointment. O Lord ! direct in this thing, is the silent breathing of my heart. Only let the place be, where it shall be most for our profit, and the best good of thy cause, and redound most to thy glory. Our roads are rough and rocky, and many sloughs are to be passed in this rugged region ; yet like a young soldier equipped and animated with the thoughts of victory ; and although not expecting to destroy the enemy and win the victory alone with his homely weapons, he is willing to do what he can. O Lord, thou knowest that I desire to serve thee acceptably, and to conduct myself with propriety, as becomes a child of Grace.

*20th.*—Fall in company with a precious brother

and sister Frost, journeying our way. Time passes pleasantly, while peace of mind and health of body are increasing. This day we have pleasant roads and views, while winding amongst the high hills of Vermont. Upon the pleasant banks of White River at evening we find a company of preachers, and they seem like so many brothers filled with love and zeal for God and the good of souls. O! what a spirit of the gospel is here. I feel the gentle breathings of the Holy Ghost, watering my full heart.

21st.—In company with a number of the dear servants of the Lord we begin to ascend some of the high hills, which enable us to look down on the houses in the vallies. The steep sloping hills, on whose sides the winding road with great labor and difficulty is fixed, make me a little timid while riding; but my mind is filled with joy, when I reflect on the preservative goodness of God. My long journey of near 300 miles has not impaired but improved my health. Although fears were entertained that I should die on the road, yet blessed be God! I breathe the fresh air of the high hills and am happy.

We arrive at Barnard and find much people collected for Conference. After dinner I walked out with sister F. and was suddenly attacked with the spotted fever, which was as follows. We had not walked far before a severe pain darted through my temple, and spread rapidly over my whole body. With the assistance of my kind friend I reached the house with difficulty. A doctor being present, he was called into the room where I was. He attempted to draw blood first in my hand, and then in my arm. How they proceeded then I do not recol-

lect, but have been since informed, that I had my perfect senses, and knew every thing that I saw ; but could retain nothing, and that when my dear husband came in, I took him by the hand, saying, I am very sick ; he passed out of my sight, and I enquired when my dear husband would come, that I wanted to see him. He immediately stepped to me again, and I said I had forgotten. The doctors proceeded to bleed me five times in less than three hours. Five were present and one stayed constantly by me. Thus amongst strangers the Lord provided for me. This fever has prevailed much in this vicinity of late. One young woman died only a short time before, in the room where I was sick. The Bishops of the Conference boarded in the house and I was favored with their prayers and visits.

One day Bishop Asbury came into the room, walked up to the bed, looked on me, and groaned, turned about, walked up and down the room, and then went out without saying a word. I felt entire resignation to the will of God—life or death—but seeing the anxiety of my companion, and knowing that this fever generally terminated very soon in death or restoration, my mind was for a moment disturbed, and I said inwardly, if I die, I shall be disappointed in my expectations in coming to this place.—However, after some earnest breathings of heart to God in prayer, my peace returned to me, and I said to my companion, on the third day of my fever, (Saturday) fear not ; I know this is a critical time. You are in a few days to receive your appointment, and will wish to go to the same as soon as possible. Trust in God ; he will do all things well ; and as for me, I am confident that you will not be detained on

my account. I shall not be any hinderance to keep you from your circuit. Death will close the scene with me, and you may lay my body in yonder graveyard;—where it will be safe, lying in peace until the blessed morning of the resurrection; or I shall be raised up, and able to go with you.

On saying these words my soul felt what my tongue, pen, or words cannot express. The good Bishop Asbury came again into my room as before, looked on me, walked to the door and kneeled down, and prayed; and such a prayer I scarcely ever heard before. Blessed be God for the prayer of faith, which saveth the sick. He rose, came and looked on me again, and said, “she will get well.”

*Sabbath.*—About two o'clock P. M. the Doctor, who had the principal charge came in and some other of his counsellors with him. They appeared much alarmed at my case, and said if I left that room in three weeks we might think ourselves well off,—gave strict rules and a large quantity of medicine; but “according to our faith so it was.” About five o'clock P. M. the raging fever gave way in a moment, and I said, to the joy of my believing husband, I am well but weak. The nights were short, and my companion, who had watched with me every night of my sickness, fell asleep, and we neither of us awoke until daylight appeared. My dear friend aroused me and with a smile said, “take a little cordial for we have overslept ourselves.” I looked up and asked, is it possible that I have had one whole night's rest, free from scorching pains? We joined in thanksgiving and poured out our thank-offering to God, who had done such wonders for us.

*Monday.*—The Elders were to be ordained this

day, and Mr. Newell was one. He went to the conference, saying to the Doctor, who was then with me, "if you think it will do to gratify my wife in coming to ordination, and will lend her all needful aid, you will have your reward." Accordingly about 11 o'clock A. M. with a little help, I was able to ride about fifty rods to the meeting-house, and sat in the aisle, near the door of the house;—I heard part of the sermon, and saw the Elders (my husband being one) ordained, and then returned.

The old doctor came and asked with astonishment, if his patient had been to meeting, and was answered, yes. "You have made work for repentance," said he. Mr. Newell said, "Doctor, please to examine." He did and said, "Truly there is no disease, only weakness." He gave the doctor all the medicine just as he had left it the day before, saying, "We acknowledge the hand of God in this restoration from this dire disease." "Well," said the Dr. "Here is my medicine; I profess no religion, yet am not prepared to gainsay your statement." He would receive no money as a reward. O my Lord! bless him, and all my kind attendants.

On *Wednesday* following, we set out on our journey to go to Danville circuit, somewhat weak in body, but strong in God my Saviour. I travelled on with considerable ease; for the Lord was with us in very deed.

*Saturday*.—We had rough roads and my fatigues caused my poor body to give out; but I supported my distress, and concealed my feelings for a long time. At length I said, you must stop and let me lie down in the carriage; for there was no house near, and the woods which we had entered were five or six miles through—let me rest a little, and then

try again. Accordingly he did, and Mr. Newell went into the woods out of my sight; but I felt when his prayers reached heaven. Although I knew not that he went to pray, yet I perceived that I was made whole. He returned in about two or three minutes, and I said to him, you have been praying for me. His countenance was melted, as I spoke, and he said, "How do you know, are you better?" I answered yes, as well as I was in the morning—thanks be to God who heareth prayer, we ask and receive, seek and find, knock and it is opened unto us. This was help in time of need. We took a little refreshment, and then travelled on as under the wing of the Almighty, who is a present help in trouble. We arrived at Danville and went to Br. A. Sias's about eight o'clock P. M.

*Sabbath.*—Our meeting was solemn and interesting.

On *Friday*, July 5th, I parted with my husband, at Br. Bachelder's; where I expect to tarry for a short time, to rest and refresh the poor weary body. This is the first time, that I ever was left among strangers, without any of my relations near. But praise be given to my Redeemer, for his goodness is more precious to me than all earthly friends. My desires are strong to be useful to this family, especially to my female friends; to whom I find great access.

*Sabbath.* Attend meeting with entire strangers, in a strange land; but the Lord was present indeed, and his power was sensibly felt by many. We had a most glorious time. Jesus calms my fears, soothes my sorrows, and gives me peace, even in this foreign land.

*Tuesday evening.* I have been visiting another

family, and we spent the time in singing hymns, conversing on heavenly things, praying to our God, and had a profitable waiting before the Lord, and parted, leaving them in tears.

“My thoughts in holy wonder rise,  
And bring their thanks to thee—  
And when my spirit drinks her fill  
At some good word of thine,  
Not mighty men, who share the spoil,  
Have joys compar'd to mine.”

I do praise God, that ever I sought him while he was to be found, that is in the morning of my life ; but O ! how high is religion in my estimation—it is the only thing that will give satisfaction and comfort to the immortal mind. My soul is happy. Glory in the highest to my maker ! I am not sorry that I bid my friends farewell ; for it was the Spirit of God that bade me go, and I hope never to do as the Israelites did, turn back to the things left in Egypt. O Lord ! give me grace to conquer. O, the goodness of God to me ! He has heard prayer, and he will surely send us reformation. This year it has already began in my heart, and I look to see it abroad. In my lonely walks God is my portion, and my all—He will favor us—Zion shall flourish—Rejoice in hope, O my soul, for the Redeemer's glory will shine forth.

Some weeks have passed since I put pen to paper, and I have had many trials. While looking at my own insufficiency to perform the duties before me, I often shrink from them ; but I have no peace but in striving, in my weak way, to do whatever my Lord requires of me ; for my desire is not to offend my Maker—God. The Lord has made hard

things easy to me, and now I will venture forward in this most solemn and awful duty laid upon me, to go and warn them of an approaching death, trusting in thee, O thou Eternal Jehovah! Lord God Omnipotent.

The duty was this—to go and warn brother B.'s son, who lived in the same house with him, that his only child would die and not live. The child was highly prized by all the household, old and young; especially by the parents, who were not professors of religion. It was revealed to me, that the child would die. At first I put the thoughts out of my mind as much as possible; but one night I dreamed that a man came to my bed-side, and awoke me out of my sleep, and said, "Go to the staircase, and take that coffin, and carry it to Mr. Batchelder for his child; for the child will die." I thought that I sprang out of bed, and took the coffin from a tall slender man, asked him the price, and gave him the money. As soon as I took the coffin into my arms, I awoke with speechless awe, and was upon the point of rising, and going immediately to do my long neglected errand, but finally concluded to wait until morning. But I slept no more that night.

Accordingly I went into the room the next day, and found the mother making a gown for the child.—This will do for an introduction to my errand.—I said, You are making a garment for that child, but she will never put it on. She suddenly lifted up her head, saying, "What do you mean?" I said, Your child will not live long. She was speechless. I said, Prepare to part with that dear child. After a few words more I left the room, and retired to my chamber and was much tried, for these thoughts rushed into my mind,—You have given that woman

needless pain, and distresses of heart, and you have imagined that it was the Spirit of God ; but it was not. The child is in good health, and will not die. For a few moments I would have given any thing in my power, if I had not spoken to her on the subject. I was so troubled, that I could not eat, nor sleep, until after I heard the child cry in this same night, and with the sound it came into my mind, there, *Death* has flung his arrows into that child's bosom. And so it was ; for it was taken sick that very night, and died in about twelve days. Strange to tell ! the parents did not think the child dangerously sick ; neither were they humbled.

On the morning before the child died, I was at a distance from the house, and the young women with me, when suddenly a cry of lamentation was heard from the window of the house. We ran in and found the child dying, and the mother in agonies of grief. I strove to console her by exciting her to yield to the Providence of God, but she could not be reconciled to give up her darling child. She took hold of the babe, saying, " You must not die—I cannot give you up." While I stood and beheld this scene, and the distress of the dying child, something seemed to move me to tell the mother not to keep the child in misery any longer, by her unwillingness to give it up. I said to the woman, Are you willing to see your child in this distress ? She answered, O no. Then give her up, for it appears to me that God holds this child in the arms of death, because of the unwillingness of your mind to give her up. Pray, and weep then for thyself, and be reconciled to God, and he will say, ' it is enough,' and take the child to himself. On hearing this she left the child, and sat down apparently com-

posed, and in a measure she was composed. The child then breathed quietly a few breaths and sweetly fell asleep, to wake no more, until the resurrection. After the remains of the child were laid solemnly and decently by the side of the wall of the room, all were called in. The grandfather read a chapter in the Bible, and they requested me to pray. I did, and the Lord was my helper, and a solemn and melting time we had.

Mr. Newell was sent for to attend the funeral. His text was in 2 Kings, iv. 26. "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." After returning from the grave we had a season of waiting before the Lord. Never was my heart more drawn out for any one than for these poor bereaved parents and mourning relatives. O that this providence of God might wean them from the world, and cause them to see and feel the necessity of setting their affections on things above, and not on things on this earth.

*August.*

I go to Walden, on the west part of the circuit. O, that I may be faithful in this place also, and always show myself a friend of Christ and his cause, in every house I enter!

O, make my heart thy fix'd abode;  
There let the heavenly Dove reside.

The affectionate people of this place have shown me much kindness. Lord have mercy upon their souls, and give me to see a more powerful work of thy Spirit on their hearts. We have had many lively and solemn meetings in this place.

*October.*

I have spent this month in travelling the circuit with Mr. Newell, and have seen some most powerful times, and all were truly affecting meetings, especially, our quarterly meeting. One circumstance deserves notice : Mr. Newell preached in the forenoon, and said toward the close of his discourse, that he felt as though he was preaching his last discourse to some one in the assembly ; and that some one of that congregation were hearing their last sermon. The next Tuesday following we called in to pray with the bereaved family, and saw the pale remains of a young man, who was at meeting with us, on the Sabbath in the forenoon, left the meeting at noon, and was taken sick Sabbath eve, and died this morning about 6 o'clock. O how fading are the blooming flowers of youth ! May we be also ready. My mind has been kept in perfect peace, while laboring for my Lord and Master in his vineyard. I believe that the Lord is preparing me for some great trial. O that I may so improve this grace, that I may meet the trial with joy, whatever it may be.

*November 23d.*

Thus far the most merciful Lord has led me on for two weeks past, through glimmering hopes and gloomy fears ; but this day my faith is increased wonderfully,

“ O my foreboding, treacherous heart, be still,  
Be calm and sink into God's holy will.”

“ Since I have made the Lord my trust,  
A refuge always nigh ;  
Why should I like a timorous bird,  
To distant mountains fly ?”

O no !

“I will gladly fulfil his adorable will,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still  
Till the Master appear.”

“So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame,  
And purer light shall mark the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb.”

*December 3d.*

Mr. Newell has returned from his appointment. I have had another day of thick darkness, but the Lord has removed it ; blessed be his holy name ! the Comforter is come and a trying scene is near.

Here I will refer the reader to 1 Samuel i.—I have prayed, but I have feared, that I should not live, like Hannah of old, to see the full accomplishment of my faith ; but God will raise up an Eli if need so require. It is now a long time since I have been able to write, and what shall be said, O my Lord and my God, for the wonderful things which thou hast done for me ? I will adopt the language of David, and say, “O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good ; for his mercy endureth forever.” It is with solemn awe, that I attempt a relation of the dealings of God with me, for a few weeks that are past.

I am truly a monument of his mercy—one that has been delivered from the jaws of death—yea, more, I thought I had clean escaped out of this troublesome world.

On the evening of the 4th of December, 1811, my first born was introduced to the joy of all present. I said in my heart, he shall be called Ebenezer ;

for hitherto the Lord has helped me. Three days after, by means of neglect, I took a violent cold, and a fever followed. O what a wonder that I am alive on the shores of time. I am a miracle of grace, and am thankful for this instance of mercy ; for I would rejoice in the will of my Heavenly Father, and to have it more than my meat and drink to do his will. For me it would have been better to have departed, and then I should have been with Christ. O yes, the delightful prospect which I had of heaven and glory still rests within my heart. On the eighth day my body sunk in a measure under my disease, and for several days I had little knowledge of what passed around me. The terror of death was upon me, and I expected soon to pass its dismal vale. My mind was resigned to give up my friends, and die in a strange land, yet to leave a dear afflicted husband and tender son, were painful thoughts to me. I began now to examine myself, and sought earnestly for full resignation to the will of God—and I found what I sought. The Lord delivered me from the terrors of death, and enabled me to give up all, and I felt fully resigned to go.

Then an awful, glorious, interesting scene was open to my view ; and whether I was in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell ; God knoweth. This one thing I know, that I had no knowledge of anything, that transpired below the sun on this earth. Neither did I see anything with my natural eyes ; for they were covered with several thicknesses of cloth, to protect them from the light, which gave me pain. In the first of my vision I thought, that I had taken leave of all earthly friends, and was taken up a little from the earth ; from thence looking

down I saw my body, from which my spirit had so lately taken her flight. I saw also my companion and friends weeping around the poor lifeless clay, and thought God had taken all natural affection from me, for I felt no degree of sorrow. My stay here was short; for I beheld a path like stairs leading from earth to Heaven, and immediately was on the stairs ascending up to Heaven. I observed that there were multitudes of people behind and before me, who were ascending the same stairs. As we came to the top, the stairs seemed to form an oval; and descending into a level, I beheld on this plain a gulf of darkness, out of which issued black pillars of smoke.

Still advancing I observed a great contrast in the people who were with me. Some of them appeared very lively, gay, and elegantly dressed; others appeared meanly dressed and decrepit. As I drew near the gulf, some fears began to arise, not discerning any way to cross it. I hurried on hoping to see how those who were before me crossed, or what became of them. When I came near, to my great astonishment I saw over the gulf, and lo! a wall great and high, in which was a gate. I beheld some persons entering. I stood with wonder and ardent desire to cross, being confident that, if I could only get on the other side, I should be forever safe, and happy. With redoubled haste I moved on to see what was the end of those, who were yet before me. Coming near the brink, to my surprise, those who appeared mean and decrepit in a moment were changed and assumed the most beautiful appearance that my eyes had ever beheld; and immediately I saw them on the other side; the gate opened; they enter, and were seen no more. Oh!

dreadful to tell, those dear souls, who but a few moments before were lively and gay, here appeared too horrid to describe. As they approached the brink, they writhed and with an horrid shriek dropped, and plunged out of my sight. This is the end of the wicked. I thought that I would kneel down, and pray, that my faith might not fail, and plead for help in this time of need.

Rising from my knees, and looking most earnestly across the gulf, I beheld the gate thrown wide open, and a man standing full in the gateway. I raised up both my hands, and cried out, that is my Saviour, Christ the Lord. O how unspeakable was the joy that filled my soul. Immediately he spoke and said, "Fanny, you must not come yet; thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord to the children of men. Go back to yonder earth." When these words were spoken, I was turned about. He pointed out my course to me, repeating the words "thou shalt not die," &c. My mind shrunk at the thoughts of going back again to the earth. I cried out, how can I go back? My mind was filled, whilst in full view of the heavenly world, and just ready to enter bright glory, and must I be driven back upon the boisterous ocean of life? O Lord, help me. Then these words were spoken the third time, "thou shalt not die," &c., and with them a divine power of reconciliation so filled my heart, that all was peace; and such a view of different parts of the earth, islands, new settlements, and large towns, and villages, was given to me that, when I came to myself, I called for Mr. Newell. He sat by me (as he afterwards told me, waiting to see what the Lord was about to do with me, and had my hand in his,) and pressing my hand gently said,

I am here. I answered, I shall not die, but live, and declare the wonderful works of God to the children of men.

I requested the meeting to be adjourned from the school-house that was near, and have the meeting in the house, where I had been sick. It was so ordered, and the next evening the good neighbors flocked in and filled the adjoining room and Mr. Newell preached from Psalm cxviii. 17, "I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord," agreeably to my request. I was enabled from my bed to exhort the people, who, with many tears, rejoiced with us in what the Lord had done; for when the Doctor, a very skilful man, left the house the night before, he said, Sister Newell can't live until morning. Of course the inquiry was, Is she dead? The blessings of Heaven seemed to fall and rest upon us. O Lord, hold that kind people in remembrance. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men."

"If such a worm, as I, can spread  
The common Saviour's name,  
Let Him, who rais'd me from the dead,  
Quicken my mortal frame."

I bless the Lord who crowneth me with loving kindness. He hath remembered the low estate of his handmaid. I was brought low and he hath raised me from the gates of death, that I should praise him in the land of the living. The dead cannot praise thee in this earth, but the living! they praise thee. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and let the redeemed of the Lord praise him, whom he hath redeemed with his own blood. I will call upon the

Lord as long as I live, and make mention that he is good. Great and terrible is he when he ariseth to make known his wrath amongst the wicked. But I will keep thy law within my heart. It shall be my delight to meditate day and night. Set me as a seal upon thy heart, for thy love is stronger than death.

“Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
I shall securely rest.”

*Sabbath, Dec. 22.*

I am now able to begin to take care of the great charge, which the Lord has committed to me. At a quarterly meeting holden in Cabot, we devoted our son to God in the holy ordinance of baptism, and so manifest was the approbation of that God, to whom we set him apart by this sacred seal, that error stood back, and one of the most rigid said, “let them, who think it their duty to baptize infants, do it, and the Lord bless them.” A young woman, who had waited to be baptized by immersion, on this occasion, rose in a distant part of the crowded assembly, and said with a loud and quick voice, “let me go to Heaven with little children”—rushed through the crowd—kneeled down and was baptized by pouring. This gave such a shock to the people, and the glory of God was so manifest, that all appeared to be satisfied, that God owned this ordinance. My soul felt a blessing in giving myself afresh to him, with all I have and am. O that we may have grace to bring this child up for God. Amen.

*February.*

Visit some part of the circuit, where reformation

has been spreading. In Greensborough a young man came out to meeting, because he heard that the preacher's wife sometimes exhorted the people; and, as he afterwards stated, believed in what is called Universalism. Mr. Newell's text was, 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price:" Here Mr. Newell paused and stood silent about one minute. The young man thought, well, this will do for me; the preacher will do no harm to my sentiments to-night. But when the latter clause was read, "therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are his," he trembled; and whilst the discourse lasted, his sentiments were failing him; but as he added, when the woman rose and spake, he was like sinking Peter; crying, Lord, save or I perish. I sink into eternal ruin. He was not alone. Many like himself, sought and found mercy, on this part of the circuit; and now the promises of the Lord are verified. I left a kind father's house, but have found truly a hundred fathers' houses; yea, all the people, where I go, treat me with respect, and many with Christian affection. Now I am preparing to leave this place, many have been the heart cheerings and soul revivings, which I have enjoyed in various parts of this circuit, and now to part with this circle of Heaven-bound friends seems trying.

*June 8th.*

We parted with our friends on Danville Circuit. Some of the youth followed us through the neighborhood from which we set out. We called and prayed with several families, and bid them farewell; and we had a solemn and affectionate parting; for they seemed like our Heavenly Father's family,—

Bless the Lord, O my soul, for giving us favor in the eyes of the people, and souls for our hire. O how merciful has the Lord dealt with his feeble dust this year !—I will record his praise.—We move on by easy stages to Pembroke, and renew the tender friendship with endeared family connections ;—hold several meetings—and have freedom in private conversation with many. O may the Lord make it a lasting blessing to them, even when I am no more numbered with the inhabitants of this earth.

*June 22d.*

We find it painful to part with these friends, but duty draws us on.

23.—Reach Lynn, Mass. where our conference was holden, put up at Br. Newell's ; a family connection of my husband. O that I may be useful to this family and all with whom I may converse during this meeting. These times are trying. *War !*—the proclamation of war reached us while we are here, and our meetings are attended with solemnity.—Mr. Newell's appointment is on Barre circuit, in Vermont.

We take a tour to Kennebec. I hail my native land with joy, and with gratitude relate the dealings of a kind and bountiful hand, that has been with us, and the wonderful works of God that I have witnessed. Find that death has been removing numbers of my former acquaintance,—and now I can go to my beloved spot, where my duty was made known to me—to go and sound salvation. O praise the Lord for what he has shown me of his glory, and taught me by his Spirit.

After a short and I trust profitable stay, we again turn our course to distant climes. After a long and

pleasant, though fatiguing journey, we are again fixed on our circuit, and truly it affects my heart, and gives me a new evidence of my being in my place, where the Lord would have me, to witness the kindness of strangers. Our meetings are attended with power, and signs of reformation appear in every part of the circuit. I have attended a number of places, and sinners lie near my heart. Souls are precious, and the anxiety I feel for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom makes me forgetful of the deprivations, which surround me, and the afflictions which I suffer. I make my home in Berlin, at Br. Currier's, and many are the happy meetings, with which the Lord has favored us while here. Some souls were converted, and we had some loud shouts for the redemption of some precious souls, brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light. The sound of battle—garments rolled in blood, cause me to cry to the Prince of Peace, to sway his mild sceptre and hush the nations to rest.

I have been round the circuit with Mr. Newell. Bless the Lord for the work of grace on this circuit ; —but death has marked many victims. In one small place, thinly inhabited, seventeen were carried to their graves in less than three weeks. Out of one family consisting of ten persons, if my memory serves me, seven have died ; only three children left. The house thus left stood desolate. Some graveyards looked almost like plowed fields. Ah ! Lord, when thy judgments are in the earth, will the people learn righteousness ? O how many poor soldiers, far from their friends, have been buried by strangers ; and if any tears were shed over their graves, they must be by strangers. Mr. Newell has been called

to preach a number of funeral sermons to the friends, who were called to the painful scene of paying this respect to the memory of their friends, who died in the army, and were buried at a distance.

He gave me the relation of one poor woman, who heard that her husband was sick in Plattsburgh. She left her little ones, and went with speed in hopes to console her afflicted husband. She heard nothing of him, until she opened the door of the hospital, and was there informed that he was dead and buried. Every one present would have gladly given her some relief, but she refused every offer. At length one man kindly offered to show her where he was buried. She thanked him, and followed him to a new burying ground, that had been opened about twelve weeks, and counted three hundred graves. She walked amongst them weeping, but her sorrow was not full. When she came home and sat down, and the children flocked round her, eagerly asking, "Where is father—is he coming home?"—then the full cup of grief was tasted. She requested Mr. N. to preach a funeral sermon to her and her weeping friends, and was gratified. O that the Comforter—the Spirit of grace and truth may support and console the bosom of the widow and orphan. His text was Job, xix. 21. "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me."

In Plainfield I spent a few happy weeks. One dear servant of Christ was called to leave the world. He was beloved by all who knew him; yet before he died, his views of his misspent time awoke in his mind, and he could not rest. In the night, he sent out to have his neighbors called. Many of them left their beds and came to see him. He con-

fessed his little engagedness in the cause he had professed—asked them to forgive him; saying, If I had been faithful to warn you, and exhort you, and feel for your souls as a Christian ought, there would have been reformation. He pleaded with them to be faithful, and not live so cold and lukewarm, as he had done.—O, my soul! take warning and make diligent improvement of each fleeting moment.

“So when my moments all are fled,  
I may with joy lay down my head.”

We have memorable meetings in this place.

*May.*

Mr. Newell brings me intelligence that his horse is stolen. At first I began to think of the loss, but soon reflected on the wretched condition of the thief; and said to Mr. Newell, Let us pray to God for that poor man; for if the horse should start, and throw him off and kill him, he would certainly go down to ruin; and thus we lost sight of the horse, in praying to God to have mercy upon the soul of the poor thief. The dear people thought on us. One kind brother said, I cannot sleep in my bed, and know that our preacher is travelling the circuit on foot to win souls to Christ, while I have a horse in my possession,—take my horse and go on without concern until another is provided for you. We unite in prayer and Mr. Newell said with a smile, Although one injures us, another is ready to do us good. So he left us and went on to his appointment, losing no time, for the want of conveyance.

The first of June we leave this circuit and move on towards Conference, with our hearts much re-

freshed; for the affectionate people have supplied our lack, and loaded us with benefits. O Lord! reward them according to thy promise. Truly the Lord is good, and I have been happily disappointed. The desire of my heart is in a measure granted—for souls are converted to God, and I am surrounded with his goodness.

My tender feelings are again wrought up, while parting with my kind and loving brethren and friends, which I have found this year, and formed an agreeable acquaintance with. We part in hopes to meet again in peace, where parting shall be no more. We attend a camp-meeting, and then go on, praising God for his goodness, to Brookfield, where Mr. Newell leaves me amongst his relations in his native town, while he goes on to Conference. Here I form a new circle of friends, deeply impressed on my memory. O, that my visit to this place may prove a blessing. We have many pleasing and I hope profitable interviews. Mr. Newell returns. We have an affectionate parting with our friends, and pass through North-Brookfield, and spend some time in the grave-yard, where his grandfather Newell was buried. There was no appearance of a grave, where his body was entombed. How short is time! Here the mossy stones have given up their charge, and we cannot tell who was buried beneath them. But it is no matter, thought I—let my name only be written in the fair book of life, it will be read by all in a coming day, when these, who have been so long confined to this scanty bed, shall rise and come forth—yea, when all the dead come forth, small and great, to be judged in the great day.

Here we spend a profitable moment, and then bend our course towards Vermont again; for Mr.

Newell's appointment is the Barnard circuit. There about two years ago I was favored with such marks of love and friendship, as time cannot obliterate; and now my lot is fixed amongst them for a few months more. O my support and constant help, preserve and keep me, as the apple of thine eye, that I may not offend thee, but prove a blessing to this endeared people. Souls are precious.

“Through tribulation deep,  
The way to glory lies;  
This stormy course I keep  
O'er these tempestuous seas;  
By winds and waves I'm tost and driv'n,  
Freighted with grace and bound to heav'n.”

I go round this large circuit, witnessing the presence and power of God ready to heal. How is my poor heart affected to see the tears and hear the sighs of the penitents. Truly I can weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice. I look back to Sidney and call to mind those nights and days of my own sorrow, and say, now I see, hear, feel, and know by experience what I then anticipated in visions and contemplations, and now had I a brazen mouth, an iron tongue, and adamantine lungs, I would willingly stand on these wild mountains, and sound Salvation, until all creation should hear the joyful news, and fall in love with my ever blessed Saviour, and join with all the bright armies in heaven, to give him praises due. But this is not God's method. I am reading my Bible, and that tells me, that many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase in the earth. Well, then, weak and frail as I am, like that woman of old, I will run and say, “Come, and see a man, who has

told me all things that ever I did ; is not this the *Christ* ?”

I have many bodily infirmities to suffer, and many severe and trying scenes to pass, but blessed be God, his faithfulness never fails. He raises me up friends in every place ; yea, the physicians have not forgotten to be kind, and that not for money. They refuse rewards of gold, saying, You are engaged in a good work—we will not receive your money—keep it for your good. O Lord ! let thy blood prepare them for heaven. I have fathers and mothers in this place, and our meetings are crowned with newborn souls. Praise ye the Lord. Although I am deprived of some public meetings, on account of bodily infirmity, yet my time is spent profitably to myself. Of late I have thought much on death, judgment, and eternity, and they appear near to me. But

“ In hope of an immortal crown,  
I now sustain the cross ;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at pain or loss.”

The time to part with our proved friends in this place draws near, and as Paul, when he left the isle, was loaded with all he had need of, so were we ; and after a most interesting season of devotion, in which a number of vocal prayers were fervently poured out for us, and our little one, that God would protect, and aid, and comfort us on our journey, we tore ourselves away from them, while tears flowed in abundance—but in strong hopes of meeting again, where tears are seen no more.

We follow down the White River, and cross Con-

necticut River, and begin to rise the hills to the East, and meet some soldiers. Mr. Newell spoke to them and they wept. He found that the main body were moving on to meet us, at a few miles distance. We continually met some, who were feeble, and suffered to go on ahead. My dear friend talked to them, as he passed slowly by them, and expressed how strong his desire was to pray with the main body of the troops, resolving to propose it to the officers. So the good providence of God would have it, for just as we came in sight, they halted for a few moments' respite from the fatigues of marching. When we came to them, Mr. Newell saluted them in the name of the Lord, and they waved the glittering spear. He expressed his desire to pray with the party, which they gladly accepted; saying, we are rejoiced to find a Minister, who is willing to pray for us, and not curse us. One of the officers took our horse by the bridle, for he was afraid of their arms, and led us along to the baggage-waggon, whilst command was given to beat the drum—Not for war, was my cry; this hoarse music is now used to call you to peace and heaven. The hollow square was formed. I sat in the carriage which formed part of one line, and my dear husband was conducted, in a martial way, to the centre, and my heart went with him, and the Lord stood by him. He began by singing

“Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?” &c.

He gave them a few words of address from these words, “Quit yourselves like men, be bold, be strong.” He told them that wickedness would

make them cowards in the day of death, but that righteousness would make men bold in judgment. When he kneeled down to pray, some of the soldiers kneeled also; others stood erect, and, before the prayer was closed, sobs and cries were heard from every part of the circle. They melted down—they wept—and many bowed down to the earth. O my soul, how far removed from the horrors of war is the spirit of the gospel! Christ hath said, I came not to destroy men's lives, but to SAVE!

We now renew our journey, and as we proceed, I reflect, What has the Lord wrought for me. I now have a son and a daughter—fair pictures of health—blossoms plucked from the hand of the Lord in the midst of the green hills of Vermont. Can now cross rivers with my two children—speak to men in the highway—and see them weep.

Once more we enjoy a pleasing interview at father Newell's in Pembroke, N. H. We recount the mercies of God, have some precious meetings, and part again, in hopes, if we meet no more on earth, to meet in heaven. We journey on to the east, but find the heavy rains render travelling unpleasant. Our tight covered waggon enables us to persevere: but we fear the bridges will be carried away by the freshet, and so it was. For we crossed Saco bridge a few hours only before it gave way.

After travelling 40 or 50 miles out of our regular course, we came to my native land once more, and with a grateful heart render thanks to our kind Preserver, whose providence has been over us for good. Great have been the displays of his power, which I have witnessed in Vermont, in camp-meetings and other large assemblies, where truth reached the hearts of many, to the salvation of their souls.

I spend a few weeks with my beloved friends, and am now preparing to go to my new station, which is on Pittston circuit, Kennebec. Here also the Lord raises me up many friends. I travel round the circuit with my bosom friend, and find the rocky shores and islands of the sea ready to wait for God's law, and many of them have it written in their hearts. Souls are flocking to Jesus ; but the sound of guns on the Sabbath, and the alarms of war, call for the supporting hand of Grace to bear us up under the great and various changes, through which we pass in this valley of death, where his light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon us.

In 1815 Mr. Newell's appointment is on Bristol circuit. We make Bristol our home. Truly the friends of Zion are kind and hospitable people, always ready to do good according to their ability. All the praise belongs to God, whose grace and truth has made them free. I find many friends to Zion here, and they are my friends. I visit the Capes and Islands with Mr. Newell, and happy seasons we have, while striving together to build up Immanuel's kingdom. He is God with us indeed. It is in him we live, and move, and have our being.

This is a year of bodily affliction, especially the autumn and winter. Death seems ready to snatch me away, whilst many around me, anxious to retain me with them, do all they can for my good. Once I was carried home from meeting, almost lifeless, and my afflicted companion was left to close the meeting alone. While the physician and several loving friends were around me, one colored sister in the Lord, was bathing my feet continually with cold vinegar, and I observed that her tears were

fast falling from her weeping eyes. I asked her afterwards why she wept so freely on that occasion? "Why, madam," she replied, "I wept not so much for you, for I thought you happy and near the heavenly world, but for your husband and dear little children; and I prayed to God to let me die for you, for nobody would weep for me, if I died. I could not bear the thought that your little children should meet with such a loss." Thanks be to God for that love that is stronger than death. We have become inured to meeting and parting with friends, so we pass on to New Durham circuit; but I make my home in Gardiner. Here may the Lord dwell with me, and make my residence a place of his own habitation.

"My heart thou waterest from on high;  
O make it all a pool."

Here I find a small class of the dear friends of Zion. O that I may be a blessing to them, and they to me. Add to our numbers, and add to our graces. I travel once round Mr. Newell's circuit, and am ready to say, What has the Lord wrought? Scores, who have professed to have found pardoning mercy, are counted in that region. Decrepit age and little children are seen, and many of the fair blooming youth are numbered amongst them.

"All glory to the dying Lamb,  
Who brought salvation near."

*July, 1817.*

Another year is gone, and I can recount many of His mercies. The little society around me is dear

to me. Our class and prayer meetings are attended with blessings from on high. My soul enjoys sweet communion with my God, and my little family. We maintain family devotion, and find a family blessing. O Lord, make me like Deborah of old, a mother in Israel.

Again I am interrupted in my sweet retirement, and settled repose ; and consent to move on to the Readfield circuit, and again

“I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.”

The Lord is good, and forever be his name adored for what he has done here on this circuit. The work of God is gloriously spreading in different parts of this vicinity, but especially near where I reside in Readfield. Our meetings are most affecting. Songs of joy and groans of poor deeply wounded sinners, weeping for their sins, are causes which make angels rejoice, and shall my soul be still? Surely no.

“I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.”

And I find no lack of friends when reformation spreads its heavenly banner.

I have travelled round this circuit, and have found my soul not a little affected by what I discover of the state of true religion. O how many sinners remain to be converted to God or perish, and how little concern for their poor souls too many of us, who profess to love God, manifest before a gazing world.

I am now removed to my little habitation in

Gardiner, where I again rejoice in a beloved retreat. Here I hope to rest with my little family in peace and tranquillity. The joy, that my dear Christian friends in this place manifest at my return, shows how much they esteem me, and I have a great regard for them. O Lord, reward my benefactors.

*June, 1818.*

The New England Conference is at Bowman's Point, in Hallowell. I contemplate to attend the preaching, and my desire has been, that the Lord would make the sitting of the Conference a blessing to the people, the preachers be filled with the power of the Holy Ghost, and perishing souls experience the salvation of God. O Lord, be with the preachers in conference, give them wisdom from above, that they may be directed aright in all their deliberations, and every preacher's appointment wind up in thy glory and the best welfare of souls. However trying to nature their charge may be to them, go with them, O Lord, for thou only knowest how hard it is to nature to be an itinerant preacher. I have attended meeting, and have experienced a blessing. The good Spirit of the Lord, like a cloud, seemed to hang over the people, and drops of mercy, like foretastes of heaven, were drank up by many, while some, like David, could say, my cup is full—it runs over.

*Sabbath.* A trying day for me, on account of a new opening for preaching on St. Croix river. A proposal is made by conference for a volunteer, and Mr. Newell wishes to go, if I feel free to go with him; and here is a new trial. I know not what will be for the best.—I am *willing* he should go;

and have a desire that he should go ; but shrink back from accompanying him ; for I have had such a scene of sufferings that my feeble nature shrinks at the prospect. I have a comfortable place to live in, and my children are with me and tender ; and to think of launching out again into the open world, to face the storms, and plunge through mud and snow in those wild regions, and to experience heat and cold, I am ready to say, have me excused, I cannot go. With these discouragements, I go to meeting, and my love for souls increaseth ; and as the cry of those destitute regions sounds louder and louder, my objections give way, and I begin to feel, like one of old, when he saw the miseries of a ruined people, "here am I, send me." After meeting I gave my companion some encouragement.

The conference rises, and Mr. Newell's appointment is St. Croix, and my trials are so great, that he concludes to go and leave me for a while. This day he has taken leave of us, and his last prayer before he started on his journey awoke all the tender feelings of my heart. I am fearful, that by not going with him, I have wronged my own soul, and the church of God. I now begin to feel the afflictions of my mind exceedingly heavy. O God, have mercy on me ; for my heart is sore pained. Cutting reflections caused my bowels of compassion to move, my heart to melt, and my eyes to overflow with many tears. I will now humble myself before my God, and seek his perfect way.

*Sabbath.*—This has been a wearisome week to me. I have had but little rest, day nor night, since my companion left home ; for I am convinced that it was my duty to go with him, but the path seems to be hedged up with briars and thorns ; yet it is the

plain and the right path for me to follow. That vision, which I had in Vermont on my sick bed six years ago, comes fresh into my mind. What were my feelings then, when my Saviour waved his hand, and said to me, "Fanny, go back," and pointed my course to this wilderness world! O how dreary did the earth appear to me then, when in sight of that celestial city, just across the fiery gulf. My feelings are much the same now as they were then. I am concerned lest I do the things I ought not to do, and leave undone the things which I ought to do.

"O let thy Spirit guide my feet,  
In ways of righteousness,  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face."

Keep me, O thou King of kings, under the shadow  
of thine Almighty wing.

"So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
While purer light shall mark the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb."

*July 5th.*

*Sabbath.*—Attend meeting at Bowman's Point, and after meeting heard that my companion had returned by water from the east. My heart shrunk within me, and my spirit cried out, thou, Lord, hast sent him back to bring this poor dust where she ought to go ; for obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. The long suffering mercy of God teacheth us daily, that he is "not willing that any should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance.

At evening I met my dear husband in peace and saluted him in these words, you have come back for help, have you not? He answered, "Woman's help." These words went to my heart, and my cry was, Lord how can I go? it looks like too great a work for me. David's words then came to me with power;—"The Lord teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight, so that a bow of steel is broken by my arm,"—they were a great comfort to me, and I could say, Lord! I am not afraid to trust thee, but my poor flesh shrinks—yet through grace

"I'll rise superior to my pain;  
When I am weak then I am strong."

The thought of leaving Gardiner is painful; for the providence of God seemed to cast my lot there. It was pleasant to me, and my mind became more composed, and willing to cease travelling than it had ever been before, since I was married. I thought, here my usefulness may be as great as any where else. But now all these pleasant prospects are blasted, and I have a faint view that the hand of God is in all this, and am conscious that his dealings with me, in the days of my mourning, was to fit me for a life of suffering. He does not bid me stop travelling yet; therefore I have no business with house or home at present.

All thanks to God, who gives me once more so clear a discovery of the beauties of Christ, and the worth of souls; with such strong desires for the advancement of *His kingdom* among men, that it now swallows up all my other prospects and thoughts, and makes me willing to be a pilgrim, or hermit in the wilderness, even to my dying day, if I

might thereby promote the blessed cause of my adorable *Redeemer*. My soul presents itself to God, to be employed in his service, without reserve, and I can say once more,

“I give myself away ;  
'Tis all that I can do.”

Here I am, Lord, send me to the ends of the earth—send me from all that is called good, or great in this world—yea, I can say with Paul, “I am ready to go to prison, or to death for thy sake ;” and now I can say,

“Farewell, my friends and earthly comforts too,  
It is my dear Redeemer calls, and I must go.”

Adieu ! adieu ! ye fading joys of time, for I am now made willing to spend my life, and my all, in the service of my God. Spirit of the Lord ! come down and seal me ever thine—anoint me with the sacred unction from above, so that whilst I go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, I may come again rejoicing, bringing my sheaves with me. O God, thou hast done great things for my soul ; whereof I am glad. Oh, how humble I ought to be, for I am not worthy to lie in the dust before the Majesty on high ; yet I can say with raptures of delight ;

“On all the grovelling kings of earth  
With pity I look down,  
And claim, in virtue of my birth,  
A never fading crown.”

July 16th, 1818.

Between the hours of four and five in the morn-

ing, we take leave of Gardiner, glad to save ourselves and friends the pain of a formal parting—go on board—and sail slowly down the Kennebec to Bath—dine with brother Wilkinson—return on board—and anchor for the night near the mouth of the river, and we have a comfortable refreshing sleep until about two o'clock, A. M.—then heave anchor, and bear away for St. Croix, sailing rapidly for many hours. This new method of travelling affects me.

*Sabbath morning.* Instead of hearing the alarm for meeting, it was, “Come, boys, weigh anchor, and let us be off.” With a light breeze they ran just out into the open ocean, south of Cranberry Isle, and there becalmed, we were tumbling on the rolling waves, for about five hours. This was a trying Sabbath. We were all very sea-sick, but the Lord be praised, we were able to recover the harbor before night came on, and went on shore, and were most kindly received by Samuel Hadlock’s hospitable family, who showed us every kindness in their power. Although we were detained there for several days, yet they would not take any reward for all our board and expense. O Lord! remember them for good, and bring them safe to heaven.

Mr. Newell preached to the people who flocked in to hear the word of the Lord. Before the meeting I was much tried, and went into my apartment alone. I cried to the Lord, and he heard me, and inclined my heart to open his word; for there I should find comfort. I opened that blessed book, the Bible, on the 49th chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah. I read and wept—and read and wept again. O thou indulgent Parent! thy goodness surpasses all my thoughts; for thou wilt

“Through fire and water bring  
Me to thy heav’nly place,  
And teach my raptured soul to sing,  
When perfected in grace.”

My faith is too weak. O Lord, increase my faith, and help me to labor for the good of this kind family, who show us kindness for thy sake. O how good and pleasant to work for God, and the good of souls.

“O may I ever walk in thee,  
And nothing know beside ;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.”

*Friday evening.* Run into Little River harbor, and Mr. Newell preached to the people.

*Saturday.* We sail along, and as I lay in my cabin, I thought on the mariner. O, the goodness of God in the preservation of the sailor ! How thin the partition between me and a watery grave. The water is continually dashing over my head, but who can be afraid that has *trust* in God—who hath his anchor, *hope*, cast within the vale of death ? Bless God, O my soul, for a lively hope in Christ, my rock.—About 11 o’clock we arrive at Lubec. Mr. Newell preaches in the evening, and again at 9 o’clock.

*Sabbath morning.* My spirit is stirred within me to see the wickedness of the place. O may the word spoken do good. O how dreary to see men doing their own work on the Lord’s day. O my God, have mercy upon them, and send reformation, and give me patience to endure all things, as a good soldier of the cross. At 11 o’clock, sailed up the

St. Croix to Plantation No. 1, and preached to the people.

*Monday.* Reached Calais, where I expect to reside. The friends met us at the shore, and joyfully received us. O Lord! bless them, and make us useful, holy, persevering, and then we shall be happy. We now joined in thanksgiving for preserving mercy.

We occupy a part of brother Darling's house. The people are kind, and ready to do us good according to their ability, but I see a great door open for doing good, both in the church, and in the world. Discipline is very needful in this place, and O, that we may all be willing to bear Christ's easy yoke.

“ A band of love, a threefold cord,  
That never can be broke.”

Dark clouds are round about me, but that same God, who is over all blessed forever, is rich unto all, that call upon him. To die in the circle of my blood relations has appeared to me desirable, but the providence of God is mysterious, and his ways past finding out. My soul feels willing to die where he sees best, even here amongst strangers.

“ Fain would I rest in thee, my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove ;  
The cross all stained with hallowed blood ;  
The emblem of thy dying love.”

*Friday.*—Accompany Mr. Newell through the worst road that I ever saw to Robbinston. I was afraid of the deep muddy sloughs ; but the joy with which the friends received us, and the eager attention of the people to hear the word of life, and the

appearances of reformation make me forget all the difficulties of the way, and rejoice if I can but give the least encouragement to any creature under heaven, to come to Christ and live.

*Sabbath, August 9th.*

*Calais.*—Solemn time to me, but my eye affects my heart to see the pride of mortals. A poor dying worm ! what have we to be proud of,—what ! such dependant beings as we are, be proud ? we, who have reason to clothe ourselves in sackcloth, and sit down in the dust, and weep for our sins, lift up our heads in pride ?—Be ashamed, O thou proud in heart, and blush, and think that in feeding thy pride with vanity, thou dishonorest God, who will ere long bring down his judgments upon thy guilty head. What will you do or where will you flee, when that great day of his wrath shall come, when all the proud, and they who do wickedly, shall be as stubble, and shall be burnt up root and branch ;—no hope in this world where your prospects are rooted ; and no hope that will profit you in future prospects. O Lord, send humility and meekness into my heart, and let it spread all around, until we can see a greater difference between the professors of religion, and those who make no profession.

*Thursday.*—Class meeting. A good affecting time. I had great liberty in speaking to them, and especially to my female friends, warning them against pride.

*Friday.*—I have met the females for the first time in this place, and had great liberty in speaking to them. My time on earth looks short. O for grace rightly to discharge every duty. This is truly a dreary part of Maine.—Nothing looks

pleasant here, but the dear lambs of my Redeemer. There are too many sinners here for me. Nancy and I retire to pray to God for reformation, and we do not grieve, that we left Gardiner ; but we grieve for sinners ; for the Lord is great and greatly to be feared.

*Sabbath.*—After reasoning a little with flesh and blood, I arose, and spake to the people, and had great liberty in delivering my soul from their blood. —Whatever may be said against a female speaking, or praying in public, I care not ; for when I feel confident, that the Lord calls me to speak, I dare not refuse ;—thanks be to God for the consolation it gives me, to find that God and man have a controversy on this subject. We have on record a Deborah and a Hulda, unto whom even the Elders of Israel went for counsel, and the holy prophet saw that, in the latter day, God would pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, and sons and daughters should prophesy ; I see no cause why prophesy in this text does not favor the daughter equally with the son. In the Acts we read of one Philip, who had four daughters that did prophesy. Paul tells us of a rule, which a woman “praying or prophesying” is to observe. Under these considerations I can say, “happy is the man, who condemneth not himself in the thing that he alloweth ; for unto his own Master he standeth or falleth.”

*August 24th.*

Leave Calais for Robbinston and No. 3. My dear children cling round me, and say, mamma, if you go, we must go too. I have never seen the time when I find duty lead me away, but my dear children would be reconciled to it, when I told them,

that I was going to exhort poor sinners, that they might not go down to *Hell*.

The dear young woman, who was willing to accompany me to this place, (N. Basford) flung her arms around my neck, and said, pray for me, and I hope you will have the presence of God, and be prospered. We move on horseback slowly and silently, and my meditations are most affecting, but wind up in this consoling faith. O Lord, thou knowest that it is love to thee, that raises me above all obstructions. Mr. Newell's text at Robbinston was Luke xvi. 5, "How much owest thou my Lord." I arose after the sermon was closed, and exhorted the people to make an immediate payment, and there was a shaking among the dry bones.

*Thursday.* We went to the funeral of a young man who came to the east to get great wages and make himself rich, contrary to the wishes of his parents. The Lord blasted all his hopes, and brought him down to the grave, in the morning of his life, in the bloom of youth; as saith Job, "in prosperity the destroyer cometh upon him,"—the strong men bow to the relentless hand of death; but this youth was very loth to die, and when dying, he called loudly for his mother. One asked him, what he wanted of his mother. "O," said he, "she was very averse to my coming here, and I want to see her before I die." He now saw, when it was too late for repentance, that it would have been better to have followed the advice of a mother. It is too often that children refuse to hear the counsel of their father, and forsake the law of their mother, to their own shame and confusion. I write this for the benefit of other youth.—O! that this instance of mortality might be sanctified to the great good of

this place, and of all who may hear of this loud call of God, for youth as well aged to "be also ready." Mr. Newell and I sang the Hymn called, "A death-bed lamentation ;"

"Young people all, attention give,  
While I address you in God's name," &c.

I never before witnessed a more solemn and interesting funeral. There were no blood relations to follow as mourners, yet this dear youth was not buried without tears to bedew his memory.

*Friday morning, August 28th.*

We set out for Plantation No. 3 ;—rode about two miles on horseback,—then left our horses and took passage in a birch canoe, across two small lakes, about six miles, where we were met by the young men, who rode our horses round. We then with difficulty made our way through the woods, two miles to the place where the appointment was made for preaching. News met us that the man of the house was dying, and were asked if it was not best to change the place of the meeting ; to which Mr. Newell replied, No, for if he is dying, it cannot injure him, and it may do him good. Through much bodily fatigue I reached the place, and the people had collected from all parts of the scattered settlement, waiting our arrival ; but the kind woman of the house soon spread her table, and invited us to refresh ourselves on what she had provided. It was a timely refreshing meal to me.

Whilst I was thinking on the distance I had come, I said inwardly, if I had no more faith than health and strength of body, I never should have been here.

This settlement, as we were informed, has been made about eight years, and there never has been

but one sermon preached in the place before.—There are about thirty families. I thought, truly the harvest is great, and the laborers are few. We are told that there are many new settlements, where they have no shepherd to guide them in the way that they should go.

My spirit is so stirred within me at the sight of the people in destitute places, and the missionary spirit takes such hold of me, that hard things look easy ; and I am willing to encounter difficulties, to spend and be spent in the service of God ; for it is better to wear out than to rust out. O Lord, keep me humble.—While Mr. Newell was preaching, my heart was warm with the love of God, which more than compensated me for all my pain and fatigue of body. After sermon I arose to deliver my mesage, “What came ye out for to see ? a reed shaken with the wind ?” &c. were my first words ; and I had great liberty in pointing them to Christ, as a strong refuge in the day of trouble. Mr. N. rose and told the weeping congregation, that if they wanted to see reformation, and go to heaven, and were willing to seek the Lord in his appointed way, they might encourage our hearts to pray for them, and manifest their desire by rising up. The whole congregation rose, and some broke out in tears and loud cries. They bowed like the forest when moved by a mighty wind. In prayer many of them followed the example of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane. They kneeled, and this meeting was rendered a blessing. The man of the house was healed. After the people were retired, he rose and said he felt well, only weak, and continued to gain strength, and soon was able to go to his daily labor. Thanks be to God for his good-

ness to the sons of men. My soul was happy while conversing with the weeping women, and Mr. N. was employed in like service with the weeping men. We have many tears for our reward this day. O Saviour! wipe their tears, and give them joy. We leave the weeping people and make the best of our way back to Robbinston, and here find great liberty. The people appear solemn but the enemy of souls appears ready to devour. Lord, save us from his snares. Our meetings in this place have been tender and affecting. Return home, and find all in peace. The Lord has composed and comforted their minds.

*Sabbath.* Another week has passed, and I have enjoyed many happy hours in my little family. O! could I feel an easy conscience—a ‘thus saith the Lord,’ I would travel with my companion no more. O may I walk humbly with my God. May thy Spirit always direct my steps, and make my duty plain.

*September 23d.*

With a melting heart I set out for No. 3, and rode silently by the side of my kind husband, meditating on the wonderful dealings of God with me. How rough and thorny my path has been. I think that I have seen in my short life as much of the fading nature of all earthly enjoyments, as any of my age. I must say that it is of the Lord’s mercies, that I live to praise him. My soul is humbled in the dust by a remembrance of his goodness.

*24th.*—We overtook two young men, pictures of want, who said they were just from Scotland, and that they had been cast away, and five of their comrades were lost, and they narrowly escaped with

only the scanty garbs, which they then had on.— Their sorry looks were enough to avouch the truth of what they said. Mr. Newell told them to seek the Lord, and he would take care of them in a strange land.—“ Indeed, Sir,” said they, “ he has forgotten us in this country, for we have travelled eighty miles, and have not had so much food as would serve for one hearty meal!” My heart melted at human wo! “ Why have you not called on the inhabitants? they would willingly feed you,” said Mr. Newell. “ Sir, we had rather feel hunger, than ask and be denied.” Mr. Newell said, “ call at the next house, where you see the horses tied on which we ride, and I will beg for you.” “ Thank you, sir, thank you, sir!” continued they both, and bowed their heads. Cheered with this hope of relief, they quickened their pace with more lively looks. We called at brother Felt’s, who cheerfully spread his table for the needy. They soon came to partake of the bounties of heaven from the hand of benevolence. Mr. Newell exhorted them, prayed with them, and their many tears witnessed their sincerity. The only thing that gives me content in this to me dreary land is a hope of doing good.

26th.—Again we meet the people of No. 3, and my faith increases to believe, that the Lord will work wonders in this place. The people are hungry for the word of life, and some of them distressed for their souls, and deeply mourning for their sins. We spend several days visiting from house to house, through these new rough openings; and although no outward grandeur appears, yet the Divine presence, manifest among the people, makes their houses shine in my view, with that lustre,

which art could never effect, or paint produce.—Our Sabbath meeting was crowned with great good. The fruits thereof, I believe, will be found in eternity. A deep interest for pure and undefiled religion seems to rest on every mind, old and young. God is with us, and my feelings were never more ardent, or my strength more firm to hold up the hands of God's servant, than it is this day. "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls;" was a passage that lay with weight on my mind. I spoke with freedom to the people, the Lord helping me by his grace. The dear people follow us from place to place, and the sight is affecting. O may the good Spirit of God, our Saviour, guide these dear penitent souls in the way of life eternal. O how I long to see the salvation of God go forth, like the morning.

*Monday.* We had a meeting on a ridge, where no religious meeting had been ever holden before, and a solemn melting time it was. O, my blessed Lord! thou dost encourage my soul to labor, and suffer for thee. I must tell of thy goodness, for it leadeth to repentance. I must warn my fellow mortals to flee from the wrath to come, and exhort them to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

"O Jesus! ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,  
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious."

We now set out for our next appointment, and a number of the people followed us—all true penitents seeking redemption in the blood of the Lamb. We moved on, step by step, over rocks, roots, and through sloughs,—getting off where I could not

ride. Thus we passed from one mile to another. It was very affecting to my tender heart to see them weeping, as we passed along, and to hear them confessing their faults to each other. We being at a little distance from them, I said to my husband, This gives me more joy than thousands of gold and silver ; nay, if I had a gilded palace to live in, and all the rich dainties which this earth affords, it could not give me such real solid joy, as this does. I am happier than a queen on a throne, and I am sure that they regard me more than any subjects love an earthly prince, and are as ready to serve me in every thing in their power, and that in love. O ! what seraphic joy to see penitential tears—to see mourners in Zion. We call and visit some houses, and find the people all tender, and glad to see us, and welcome us to their habitations with joy. Our hearts are filled with consolation, for there are signs of abundance of rain. We dine at one of the houses, and the board is perfumed with love. We eat our food with gladness in the Lord.

We set out again for meeting, and are again followed by an increased train of disconsolate mourning sinners. Some of them have been following us for more than three days, and have had none of the bread of life. My heart said, O Lord ! send not these precious souls away empty ; for

‘Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human wo.’

Mr. Newell’s text to-day was Matt. xi. 28. “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” This was a good, solemn, melting time.

After meeting I retired into another apartment, weary and faint; but I had scarcely laid my head on the pillow in order to rest the poor body, before a number of women came in weeping. This soon roused my head from the pillow, and seemed to put new vigor into my fatigued body, and my sore bones were at ease, and my strained lungs felt new strength, and I began to sing

“Poor mourning souls, in deep distress,  
Making sad lamentation,” &c.

As soon as I began to sing, the people crowded in one after another, until the remaining part of the congregation were present. Some, who were going away, returned. One man especially, formerly noted for profanity, came and leaned his head against the door post. I cast a look upon him, and he appeared like one condemned to death, pale, and trembling, with tears pouring down his cheeks, like rain. We prayed with them again, took some refreshment, and then went to an evening meeting, and the Lord was with us in power and goodness. After sermon I had great liberty in freeing my mind, and told them that shedding a few tears was not enough to carry them to heaven; but repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a faithful perseverance in well doing unto death; and that the same God, who is able to convert and change the heart, is able to keep the same unto his second coming. I covenanted with them to pray for them three times a day; and that can hurt no one. David found it good to pray, for God heard, and delivered him out of his trouble, and when we kneeled down in prayer, almost all present

came down, humble in posture. O! may the Lord make their hearts humble. My heart is filled with joy.

*Monday.* Return home, and find all in peace. Receive a letter from my parents, which informs me of the death of one I loved in the Lord. She was kind and free to help the poor, and I have no doubt rests in peace. O, let me die the death of the righteous. She is gone, and I am going, and I trust we shall meet in the paradise of God. That is a true proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." But hypocrisy, however winning her form, forsakes us in the time of greatest need. Let me live to God, and if he is my friend, although all men forsake me, he will never forsake me. Therefore I put my trust under the shadow of his almighty wing.

*Tuesday.* Visited St. David's (New-Brunswick,) and a precious time it was. I do not regret my fatigue, although the enemy tried to disturb me with thoughts like these; Woman, you are not in the way of your duty—God has never called you to go to this and that place, or to speak in public—it is your own enthusiastic notion, and not from God. My mind replied, these thoughts are very congenial with my natural feelings, for I never sought, neither did I desire to be the wife of a preacher, much less an exhorter. My husband preached, and much power attended the word. Near the close, a few fragments fell into my mind, and such a sense of eternity rolled upon me, that I said, O Lord! I will attempt to speak once more, if thou wilt speak through this poor feeble instrument to the awakening of some poor soul. Blessed be God for that peace, that overflowed my heart. One man was

there, who was heard to say, "I have heard preaching in almost every clime, and men of different orders and distinguished talents, but never shed tears under any one's word before." O Lord, make it for his everlasting good. Thanks be to God for the many tears and sighs, which I have witnessed in almost all congregations, which I have attended round these settlements.

*Sabbath.* Attend meeting in Calais—some souls have found peace in believing, and we will rejoice that their groans are changed for songs. All glory to the Lord!

*November.*

We visited No. 3 once more, and it is truly affecting to see the people coming in the evening, through the woods with torches, bringing their children in their arms—so hungry are these destitute people for the bread of life. O! that such as live in villages, towns, and cities, would consider this thing well. A weak excuse will keep some people at home on fair days; and when it is foul weather they say, I shall spoil my clothes, or soil my shoes, or get a bad name, and that will mortify my pride. Dr. A. Clark's remark is worth treasuring up in every one's mind. He saith, "a religion, that costs us nothing, is to us worth nothing." We are much encouraged by finding the people more settled and fixed in their minds to serve God with undivided hearts. They welcome us as the messengers of peace, who bring glad tidings to a guilty world.

*Monday night.* We sleep under the roof of a log house. The wind is high, and to allay our fears of the roof's blowing off, which shakes with the wind, I turn my thoughts to the boisterous deep,

and pray for the poor sailor, who may be in more imminent danger than myself. Thus employed, sleep soon hushed every thing to silence until morning. We ride through the woods and the wind rises. With the wind my prayer became fervent, and my faith strong, that the Lord would bring us safe through the bending forest. We rode on safely for some time, not speaking a word to each other. Our horses would often start at the cracking of the trees; for they were falling on each hand, and sometimes across our path, and with difficulty we could make our way round them. One large hemlock fell across, and we could not have passed it, had not the Lord ordered it to fall in such a manner as to break in three pieces, and the middle one bounded and rolled a little round; so that we rode between the shivered ends; our horses just crowding through, and keeping our path. Then we broke silence, and began to sing and praise the Lord. This was a happy and profitable day. O! how many dangers the Lord has carried me through. O, my soul, love and praise him more.

Returned safe home; but my cousin, N. Sawtel, is very sick, and we moved him to our house, and in the fear of the Lord we take care of him, hoping that the Lord will sanctify this affliction to the great good of all family connections. O my God, give me strength to do thy will in all things. For two weeks past I have had a very sick house, but my health and strength are equal to my day, and the Lord knoweth what is best. Let him do what seemeth to him good. The watchers have the care of my sick ones, and I find it good to retire, and write a little. On my knees I read the Bible, pray, and lay the case of my sick family before God,

and plead for their lives—not that they may go on in sin, but turn and live to God in truth. The Lord gives us friends in this place. The Lord bless them, and have mercy on the slanderer, and proud professor of religion, and set up his banner of love.

*February.*

Visit Eastport. Thanks be to God for the freedom of soul, with which I have delivered my message from the Lord to them. I shall long remember our visit to this place. We pass to East bay, and the Lord is with us.

“Thanks to thy name for temporal good ;  
My health and raiment, friends and food  
Come from thy bounteous hand ;  
Present supply from thee demands,  
And all my future bliss depends  
On thy supreme command.”

*March 21st.*

*Plantation No. 15.*—Mr. Newell's text was Luke xiii. 7, “Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground.” The Lord called on me to bear testimony to the truth of his gospel, and I took up my cross, which was unusually heavy at this time. After I sat down I had awful temptations, thinking that I had done hurt by speaking. But here is my consolation ; the most high God is my judge, and to him I stand or fall.

23d.—We awake early, and the first sound I hear is—death. One of our last Sabbath congregation is gone to try the realities of eternity, and now knows the truth of what he heard on that day. I shall not see him again, until the heavens shall be no more, and the earth be moved out her place.

Now I can account for my heavy cross on the last Sabbath. It was the enemy of souls, that tried hard to keep me from warning that young man. O! what joy and peace it gives me now to reflect, that I spake to warn the people; for one is gone to eternity, and cannot be warned or instructed any more. O Lord! make me a willing and obedient child, so that the blood of souls, who die in their sins, may not be required at my hand.

24th.—The funeral was attended at the same school-house, where the meeting was holden on the Sabbath before. It was a most solemn and affecting time. Only three days before, he walked into this house with as much strength, activity, health, and beauty as any one of his young-friends, who were then around him; now he is brought in by the strength of others, and laid stiff and cold by the side of the wall!—a loud call and warning to us all. O may the Lord make it a suitable and lasting one to young and old. This young man came from his native land, hoping to accumulate money, and then go home and comfort his parents; but the Lord was pleased to blast all their expectations, and bury all their hopes. He tarried longer than they expected. His father came to see him, was with him in the logging camp, and was the first that laid his hand upon him after his injury. He was killed instantaneously by a log rolling on him. Mr. Newell's text was Luke xii. 40, "Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." I also with a much less cross, nay with an eager anxiety, arose to be a worker together with God, and entreat the young to remember their Creator in the days of youth; for I have tried and known the divine reality of re-

ligion.—The Lord is at work amongst this people;—tears of penitence, and fruits of genuine repentance, to us are better than gold to the miser, or honor to the great.

25th.—Go through the woods, call and dine at a logging camp. Never was I introduced into such a scene before. No woman was there except myself; but our entertainment was delightful, while we recounted the tender mercies of our God, and spake of the reformation in the woods. Most of the camps about No. 3, are spiced with prayer and praise. The woods, agreeably to the word of prophesy, do bud and blossom like the rose, and many are made joyful in our God. Thus our dreary place is transferred to the very verge of bliss unbounded.—We arrive safe at No. 3—find our children and Nancy well, and the converts strong in the Lord, holding regular prayer meetings. O, what has the Lord wrought for this people. Prayer and praise now from this place rise daily, whereas but a few months ago, all was still and silent. May they never forget the loving kindness of our God, or cease to love and serve him. Their kindness to me and my little children has left indelible impressions on my mind. May God reward them, when my dust lies mouldering in the earth, and may they meet us safe in Heaven, for his name and mercies' sake.—Amen.

*March 4th, 1819.*

We visit Machias and form a most interesting circle of acquaintance there, and enjoy many most solemn and profitable meetings with this kind and friendly people, and have the pleasure to see the displays of God's power in the awakening and con-

version of sinners. Here the *Providence of God* confined me until May, and many were the expressions of kindness and Christian friendship which were shown to me and my dear family, by all ranks in society. The physicians, the churches, and the common people seemed anxious to do all in their power to soothe our grief, and bear us up under our afflictions.—They cheerfully paid all our expenses, and also loaded us with many favors, when we parted from them. O may that God, who has seen with approbation their timely aid, meet all their wants in this world, and bring us all to meet in Heaven. I have been sick nigh unto death; but the Lord has raised me up so far, that I venture, trusting alone in God for safety, to take passage by water to Boston.

Went on board *May 19th.*—Found it hard parting with friends so much united in heart. We have had a tremendous gale. Eight hours my companion and Brother Dickinson stood at the pump, and all appeared doubtful—except our confidence in God. I could say,

“’Twas in the watches of the night,  
I thought upon thy power;  
I kept thy lovely face in sight  
Amidst the darkest hour.”

O who can be afraid to trust a sovereign Lord? Here *I lie safe in his hand* amidst the rolling waves of the mighty ocean, in this dreadful storm at sea, and hear the hoarse rattling of the breaking thunder, and am not afraid; for the sea shall give up the dead, who lie embosomed there. I give myself to God, and now see his wonders in the great deep. I prayed for a preparation for a sudden death, and

especially for the mariners, who I feared were unprepared to die. The Lord reward them for their kind and tender services to us. They wept, as we spake to them on the great concern, which they ought to take for their soul's best good. We arrived safe in Boston, and my voyage has done me good. In this town God has raised me up kind friends who, like the tenderest of parents, pity me in my feeble state of health, and do me all the good they can. O Lord, reward this labor of love. Attend the New-England Conference in Lynn, and rejoice to meet so many of the people of God, and find it good for me to be here.

*June 10th.*

I left Boston and went on board a vessel bound for Hallowell. I long to see my dear parents, brothers and sisters. O my God preserve me from severe sea-sickness, and remember my feeble frame. Help my infirmities, and save us from the dangers of the deep. O give us a prosperous voyage, and bring us safe to land.

*Thursday afternoon.* It is calm, and we make but little way; but I have great reason to praise God for his goodness to me. May I be preserved from despair and kept in perfect peace till the Lord please to call me home. I think of my dear son who is far from me. O merciful God help me to resign my all into thy hands. I thank thee that thou hast given me so many of my dear Christian friends and brethren in the ministry to go this voyage with me. May I make a good improvement of this opportunity.

*Saturday.* We arrived at the mouth of Kennebec river, and anchored to wait for the tide. Yes-

terday I had a sick time. I feel in some measure thankful for my life, and the mercy that I enjoy. Saturday night we arrived safe at Bath; put up at brother Wilkinson's, where we were treated with unusual attention and kindness.

*Sabbath.* We attended meeting in the morning, but in the afternoon went on board the vessel again and sailed to Gardiner.

And now where shall I begin! The Lord has been better to me than my fears. Am I awake, or do I dream? Is it possible that I live to see Kennebec once more, after passing through so many dangers? O for a heart to praise my God. How shall I express the loving kindness of God to unworthy me?

*Monday.* We arrived at my father's in Sidney, and were welcomed by our friends. It was a joyful meeting. I find my mother quite unwell, and think that death may be near. My dear grandfather has gone to try the realities of eternity.

*Tuesday.* I parted with my companion, who is bound for St. Croix by water. O how safe it is to trust in the Lord.

*Friday.* This day I have a fresh sense of the goodness of God. I have been crying this three days to him for relief from a distressing complaint which has threatened dissolution. And thanks to his name, he has regarded the low state of his hand-maid; and this day I am almost free. O Jesus I look to thee for all; thou art the good Samaritan.

*Saturday.* I have had an opportunity of sweet converse with an old friend.

*Sabbath.* The Lord is good and merciful to me. I had a good time in family prayer. My heavenly Physician is still healing my poor body. O for

strength of soul to love him more, and serve him better. Keep me from sinning against thee, for I cannot keep myself. Remember my dear children for good.

*Evening.* I attended meeting at the meeting house near my father's in Sidney. We had a very solemn time. Br. Jones preached on these words, "He will beautify the meek with salvation."

*Monday.* My heart is affected with a sense of the goodness of God. I have had a happy night. This night will never be forgotten by me. O my God, I have reason to praise thee for all thy favors to me. *All is from thee.*

*Afternoon.* I parted with my old friend B. J. May the Lord go with him, and prosper him, on his circuit. His health is poor. My heart is pained when I see the ministers of the Gospel wearing out in the work.

*Tuesday.* I visited my aged grandmother. She is left alone. The Lord has taken away her dear companion, the choice of her youth. But she has this consolation, that they will not be parted long.

*Wednesday.* I feel my dependance on God. I want the full enjoyment of perfect love. I feel grateful for my health; It is much better than I expected it would be. Jesus is my friend. O for more living faith, that I may trust him for his grace. He can bring me through the cloud and through the sea; yea, through the fire; and in the midst of raging lions he can preserve me. O my God, thou knowest my trials!

*Thursday.* Mr. Newell returned sooner than he expected, the vessel being wind bound in Kennebec river. He will now go by land if the Lord will. O that I may be resigned to thy will in

all things. None but God knows the feelings of my heart.

“How long, dear Saviour, O how long,” &c.

*Saturday.* O my God, how far am I from what I ought to be. How little of pure and undefiled religion do I enjoy.

“Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,” &c.

Breath on me the spirit of prayer and true devotion. One half hour spent in converse with thee, my best friend, exceeds a thousand years in the pleasures of sin.

*Sabbath.* I attended meeting, and heard Mr. Newell preach a sermon on the death of my grandfather on these words, “This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.” It was a solemn time.

“And must this body fail,” &c.

*Monday.* I parted with my husband, and a good parting it was. We commended each other to God. I have passed a solemn day; and now while I write, upon my knees, I feel exceeding solemn. I can now hear the voice of God in the rumbling thunder, and see his power in the vivid flashes of lightning, by which some of my fellow creatures have lately been destroyed.

*Wednesday.* This afternoon my mind has been very solemn, and the thoughts of death occupy my mind. I feel for my dear kindred who are yet in their sins. My children, though yet but babes, lie near my heart. My little son is more than a hun-

dred miles from me, but I often think of him. He is a remarkable child.

*Thursday.* This also is a solemn day. The thoughts of death and judgment have rested on my mind. Thy years, O Lord, are one eternal now, and must thy children die so soon! O prepare my soul for death.

*Saturday.* Our quarterly meeting begins to-day. O may we have a good season in waiting on the Lord. O Lord, help me to fix my mind on thee. Brother Hutchinson preached this afternoon on Psalm cxxviii. And it was a blessed season to my soul.

*July 5th.*

I went to Fairfield to see my sister Atwell; found her comfortable. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable goodness to us in permitting us to meet again. O may I so live as never to come into condemnation.

*7th.* I returned home and found my father quite unwell. What awaits me I know not. O God, have mercy on my soul, and save me from sin.

*Thursday.* My mind is very stupid. I know not what to think of myself—I thought I was resigned to the will of God in life or death; but sometimes life looks desirable. My health is continued at present, but I know not what a day may bring forth—In one moment I may be hurried into eternity.

*Saturday.* I am quite unwell in body, and somewhat distressed in mind, by evil suggestions and disagreeable thoughts. The Lord knows I desire to serve him, and save my soul.

*Sabbath.* I am some better. Attended meeting.

O for that love described in the xiii. Chap. of 1 Cor. O Lord, thou hast done great things for my soul, but I have been too negligent in duty. O grant me pardon, and give me grace for time to come.

*Monday.* This is a memorable day. It gives me fresh tokens of God's goodness. O give him glory all ye hosts above. I enjoy the presence of God.

My soul is happy—a memorable season for some days past. Tribulation is the common lot of all, and I have my share ; but why should I complain. The Lord knows, in the midst of the most extreme ones, my desire is to serve him, and live free from condemnation. O, for that love that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, yea, that perfect love that casteth out fear. My son has been safely returned to me, and we rejoice to see our children again enjoy the privilege of parental care.

*February, 1820.*

I commence an agreeable acquaintance in Hallowell, and from house to house, in the time of reformation, I feel the same divine Spirit move my heart in earnest longings, and fervent desires for sinners here, as I did in Vermont, or round the rocky shores, or dreary wilderness ; and am ready to say, how can I bear to have this people, so highly favored of the Lord, go down to ruin. Their soft carpets, rich furniture, and stately dwellings can no more bribe death, or fit them for heaven, than the log huts, and coarse fare of the most destitute regions. I said to the poor, ye may have salvation through Christ, my Lord ; and I say with an affectionate heart to these, ye must be born again or sink to that

ruin, where it will be no consolation to reflect, that in yonder world you lived delicately. The poor have wept whilst I have been expostulating with them, and tears have been my consolation here. Glory to God for what my eyes have seen, my ears have heard, in this place. Converts have been multiplied in these streets, and my heart does rejoice at what the Lord has been doing around in my native land.

*Sidney.* In hope of doing a little good, I take a Sabbath school in this place. O Lord, give me wisdom to direct in all things aright, to lead these children in the good and right way, and be blessed in this undertaking ; for it is a love for the souls of these children, that makes me willing to engage.

*Sabbath.* Have some encouragement. The children are attentive to my instructions, and some tears were shed by them. My faith is strong, that if our words proceed from a feeling heart, and drop warm from our lips, their hearts will feel them in a greater or less degree. Attended public worship, and the great *I AM* has enabled me to discharge my duty once more. The Lord is reviving his work amongst us. At a late hour my uncle came to my father's praising the Lord with a loud voice, as he passed along in the highway. His words were,

“ O, for such love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break ;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
Their Saviour's praises speak.”

This was a memorable season. Every heart was melted, and my soul was full of glory. This is the beginning of good days.

*Saturday.* I have such distress for souls, who are in a perishing condition, that my heart is pained. O thou blessed Saviour, who didst groan beneath the weight of all our sins, I do not wonder that thou didst sweat great drops of blood, and pray in an agony.

Our class meetings are seasons of refreshing from the Lord.

Last night I sat up with an infant child, dangerously sick. As my eyes glanced upon the child, I saw death approaching, and my mind was instantly caught up to the heavenly world. My thoughts were, sweet babe, although pale and sickly you lie, yet thou art blooming for bright glory. Soon thy suffering time will be over, and thou wilt be an inhabitant of Heaven; and my soul transported with joy, said, gladly would I suffer thy pain, dear child, and die to be with Jesus. The night was a happy and profitable one to me. This morning, parting with the child but just alive, I said, farewell, sweet babe, until we meet, where parting is no more.

My dear husband is come to carry me to his circuit. The young converts in Sidney twine about my heart, and it is hard parting with them; but duty calls me to go. O heavenly Father let me see reformation where I am going, and keep the tender lambs here also. O, may they stand fast in the liberty of the gospel. I make my home in Thomaston, and the Lord has raised me up many most affectionate friends and brethren in this place. Here also tears and songs spice the regions with perfumes, which make the place extremely pleasant to me. Truly, thou, Lord, makest a fruitful field a barren wilderness, and a barren wilderness a fruitful field. My soul has been enlarged with celestial visions, while

dwelling under brother Partridge's peaceful roof. I admire the dealings of God with me, and clearly discover, that it is as really necessary to have a sight of my poverty, as to have visions of heaven. My poor body is sinking under consumptive pains ;— death may soon prey on this mortal body ; but my noble spirit, through the merits and mercy of my Saviour, shall boast her victory over death, hell, and the grave.

*Thursday.* This is a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, appointed by our rulers, for the good of the community. I most heartily keep it to the Lord, and pray to Almighty God for a blessing on our Nation, and on the church of God ; and thank him for every favor, but especially the gift of his Son, and the joys of religion, with which I have been, and still am comforted.

*January, 1822.*

Have had a solemn meeting in Knox. Death has visited this place, and removed two of late. O may the people take warning, and prepare for a sudden, or lingering death.

\* \* \* Many months have rolled away, since I have been able to put pen to paper. My poor body has sunk to death's door. All my kind and attentive physicians and friends have reluctantly given me up to die. The Lord reward them for their attention to me.

*Monday morning.* I awoke with a rap at my door, and a voice saluted my ears with "Dilana is dead!" O how mysterious are the ways of Providence. My soul is filled with wonder and awe. I, who have been sick all summer, am able to go and administer to my neighbors in this hour of affliction.

All, who saw me in my sickness, thought that death had marked me for his next victim. Yes, I thought death waited at the door, for God to seal his warrant, and say "Enter and do thy office;" but God has not suffered him to enter yet. He has passed across the street, and plucked a blooming flower. This is the order of God. His ways are not as our ways.

"Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides his smiling face."

O my soul, be thou humbled in the dust! O, that this providence of God may be sanctified to all, especially to the youth of this place. O my soul, praise God for the work he has done. I was humbled under the mighty hand of God; and he has raised me up. My soul is resting upon him; my strength is renewed day by day. O Lord, direct me in all things!

*Saturday.* This day closes the week and month.

"My days, and weeks, and months, and years,  
Fly rapid, like the whirling spheres  
Around the steady pole:  
Time, like the tide, thy motion keep,  
Till I shall launch the boundless deep,  
Where endless ages roll."

I am troubled in mind, for fear that I have not discharged all my duties, acceptably to my Maker. O God, forgive me whatever I have spoken, thought, and acted amiss! O Holy Spirit! visit a repenting sinner. This day, my husband leaves us once more, to go to his circuit. O God! it is *love* to

thee and thy cause, that makes him willing to leave his family, and turn his back on all domestic enjoyment, and cheerfully say, "Peace be with thee, my dear wife; take encouragement to continue to instruct the children. God will be with you, all the while I labor to win souls to Christ the Lord." I said, Go, my husband; it is meet, that you should go, and labor in the gospel field; for other souls are as precious as mine. I will thank God, that I can share in your faithful labors, from time to time. If the Lord give me strength, I will go with you, and hold up your hands, and join to preach the acceptable year of the Lord to perishing sinners, and the day of vengeance to the finally impenitent.

*Saturday.* I have just heard, that my youngest sister is sick. O Lord, sanctify it for her great good!

*Sabbath.* I have been once more to the house of God, and am a daily wonder to myself. The love of God to me is amazing. But,

"Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,  
Unless thyself be given."

*Thursday.* It is good to read the Bible, and write in my diary. O God, sanctify me wholly to thyself, and prepare me for thy service; for thou hast raised me from the grave's mouth; and is it not, O Lord, that I may show forth thy praise? Then, give me a mouth and wisdom, that all my adversaries shall not be able to gainsay, or resist.

*Sabbath.* I cannot go to the house of God to-day. It is a delightful place to me. I have not frequented the place of worship so often, this year, as usual; not because I would not, but because I

could not. But the love of God to me is unspeakable. My health is now such, that I attend to my little family, and administer to their wants, in a measure. This is the Lord's doing; and it is marvellous in our eyes. Thanks to thy name, for these blessings; but glory, honor, praise, and thanksgiving, be given to God, for the unspeakable gift of his great salvation; light of Israel, and glory of the world!

*December 3, 1822.*

This day is set apart for a day of public thanksgiving and prayer. If any soul, under the whole heaven of the Lord, has reason to give thanks, and pray, it is I. Yes! unworthy I, on whom he hath, by the power of his grace, wrought wonders. Spirit of the Lord! descend and help me to give thanks, and perform my vows to thee; for thou art worthy to receive glory and honor, praise and thanksgiving, from all intelligences in heaven and in earth.

“The praying spirit give;  
The watchful power impart;  
From all entanglements beneath  
Call off my peaceful heart.  
Suffer'd no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.”

*Thursday.* Arrived home safe and happy, and said to my husband, Faith keeps the dying saint alive.

*April 18, 1823.*

My heart has been much consoled in reading Dr. Clark's comment on Gen. xiii. “One house, one

day's food, one suit of raiment, says the Arabic proverb, is sufficient for thee; and if thou die at noon, thou hast one half too much." Again, chap. xv. "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." "Nothing," says Calmet, "proves more invincibly to the soul, the truth of religion and the certainty of another life, than to see that the righteous seldom receive the reward of their virtues, and that in temporal things, they are less happy than the workers of iniquity." O God, make me wise to know my day of grace, for there is no want to them who fear thee.

*May 2d.*

I visit Gardiner. My side is worse. It is with difficulty that I keep my bed all night. My fears are excited. O Lord, prepare me for a sudden, or a lingering death.

*Saturday.* My complaints increase; I begin to raise some blood. The Lord knows what he is about to do with me. If he sees fit to remove me by a lingering consumption—Amen, my Lord, thy will be done.

"O let me live thy blood to show,  
Which purges every stain;  
And gladly linger out below,  
A few more years in pain."

*Sabbath.* We return to my sister's from meeting, and find the name of the Lord a strong tower. Therein my soul is safe, whatever becomes of my poor body. O Lord, I make a fresh dedication of myself to thee. Seal me thine forever.

*May 9th.*

Feeble in body; like the woman who had spent

all her living upon physicians, and, was nothing better, but rather worse. All my physicians have been favorable in their charges—most of them have done all they could freely—voluntarily—I trust for the sake of Him, whom I serve; and they have my grateful acknowledgments and prayers. Moreover God will reward them, and every man according to their works.

*October 19th, 1823.*

I have not been able to write for some months; but this day am able to take my pen and subscribe with my hand that God is good. My afflictions have been great—tempted, but not in despair—cast down, but not forsaken; for the Lord is my helper—he hears my prayer;

“And my best wishes to fulfil,  
His grace is ever nigh.”

Again I have strength to write a little, and feel thankfulness, which I have no words to express; for although I am wading through deep waters of affliction, I can say,

“In Jesus I believe, and shall  
Believe myself to heaven.”

For thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

“Through fire and water bring  
Me to that heav’nly place,  
And teach me the new song to sing,  
When perfected in grace.”

In the world I have tribulation; but thanksgiving

and praise be given to my adorable Lord, that he condescends to comfort me with his lovely promises. Were it not so, I of all other creatures should be most miserable; but the Comforter is come. Hallelujah! O Hallelujah to the Lamb.

*Tuesday.*—My mind has been troubled about the things of this life. I am in a strait. O how good my Benefactor is to me! My heart is lifted to God, and he helps me; but I want more faith, for it seems to me as if all the powers of darkness were combined against me; yet with the poet I can say,

“Let devils rage or hell assail,  
I'll fight my passage through;  
Though foes unite or friends desert,  
I'll seize the crown in view.”

My bodily health is such, that I know not which way it will terminate. But God, who has been my support so long, will, I trust, bring my soul at last into the mansions of rest. The Lord has called me through tribulation's path, and it is what my soul expected when I entered the vineyard of the Lord, and have followed with a humble and careful hand, as a gleaner in the Lord's harvest.

*Wednesday.*—A most solemn scene has passed before my eyes. One of my fellow-mortals is carried by my dwelling a lifeless corpse. One after another is called, and yet I linger upon these mortal shores. Thou, Lord, liftest up, and castest down. Thou hast heard prayer for me, and raised me up again and again to the astonishment of all around. Thou dost continue thy goodness to me, who am poor and needy,

*Sabbath.*—It is now eleven years since I gave my hand to a Methodist preacher, in hopes to help and not hinder him in the great work of the ministry; and but a poor help-meet, in my opinion, even to what I might have been. Poor health, feeble constitution, and two children, with many domestic affairs, often serve as excuses for my not laboring among the people. All thanks to God that I am what I am. Israel drank water from the rock in the wilderness; and in the midst of hard trials, I often drink streams of consolation, and can say, the Lord does all things well. There is nothing too hard for the Almighty. He can open a passage through the deep. Thou hast said, When ye have done all that I have commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants.

I expect to enjoy the unspeakable privilege of remaining with my children during the inclement season and bad roads, which prevent my travelling with my husband. Some say to me, Why do you travel so much, and as you say sacrifice your tender feelings, and encounter many hardships, and wade through many trials? I waive a direct answer and say, when you and I stand before the judgment seat of Christ, to be judged according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad, I shall be better prepared to answer your question. Hitherto God has led me by a way I knew not in safety; and I will listen to his voice, and trust in him still, though I pass through evil report as well as good.

*Sabbath eve.*—Prayer meeting in the house where I reside. And O what glory filled my soul, while standing in the crowded congregation, and again tried to speak for God, and persuade my fellow

mortals to serve God, and have respect to all the commandments. O Lord, let thy Spirit which bade me speak, set it home upon their hearts with power.

I retire to my chamber to rest the poor body, and give thanks to God for his divine power, which did, and still does, rest on poor me. While reading the 2d Kings, chap. xx. I cried out, Wilt thou remember me? My soul was humbled within me. Yet I could say,

“If such a worm as I can spread  
The common Saviour’s name;  
Let him who rais’d me from the dead  
Quicken my mortal frame.”

*Monday.*—I visited an old lady ninety-eight years old; her appearance was that of one ripe for heaven, and while conversing with her, I almost longed to be in her state; or at least as near heaven. I may be nearer death than even this aged pilgrim. It was a profitable season while we lifted the joint cry to God to prepare us for that important hour: to meet God in death and judgment. O that I may know my place in the church, and discharge my duty with propriety. Thy gifts to me are great. But alas!

“Thy gifts cannot suffice,  
Unless thyself be given.”

*Wednesday.*—We have been to a female prayer meeting among the C. Baptists, and find that God is the same God over all. O that we may all know what it is to love God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves.

*Thursday.*—I visited from house to house, and find it good and profitable to my own soul. In the evening attended a prayer meeting, and was led to speak on these words ; “Not all who say unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

*Friday.*—I preached to my children from these words ; “Ye are of your father the devil, and the works of your father ye will do.” I had but two hearers, and they very young. I gave them a plain description of the works of the devil, and his children, and then of the works of God and his children ; and the effects of righteousness, quietness, peace and assurance for ever. I then inquired of them, Are you engaged in the work of the Lord, or the work of the enemy ? They could neither of them answer me for sighs and tears. I then said, You could not bear the thought of praying to the devil, and calling him father, could you ? They both replied, no ; as if terrified at the bare thought. I then proceeded as the Spirit gave me utterance ; and a most affecting season we had.—We prayed together and retired to rest. O Lord, keep my children from the evils that are in the world.

*Sabbath.*—I went up to the house of God in company with my children, and returned to my home in peace. Retired to my chamber to plead for a blessing to rest on those who may assemble for prayer. Left my chamber under such a view of my own imperfections, that my soul was humbled within me ; and I cried, Why am I called to stand, O my God, and warn poor sinners in thy name ? Ah, why me ? And yet I feel that wo is me, if I speak not to the people. This evening I was led to speak

on the woman who touched the border of Christ's garment. There may I ever rest; for I am sorry, and repent, for every misspent moment—I cannot lie down in peace, unless I feel thy pardoning love. Come, O my Lord, and come quickly; forgive all my short-comings, and guide me in the right way, for I can do nothing without thee.

*Sabbath, Nov. 3.*—One of our fellow clay was conveyed this day to the house appointed for all the living—O may we all lay it suitably to heart.

In the evening we had a prayer meeting, and these words lay with weight on my mind; “Let your loins be girt about with truth, and your lamps burning.” And I was enabled to clear my skirt of the blood of souls. Glory to God for his divine assistance.

*Wednesday.*—I am again troubled about speaking in public. I retired to my chamber and opened my Bible, and read John xv. with much consolation. I now have strength to take hold on the precious promises of God, and make a fresh dedication of all I have and am to Him forever. If sinners can only be converted to God, let Him choose the instrument. For several days disease has pressed me hard, yet my mind has been profitably exercised on death and judgment. O Lord, prepare me for that great day when I must stand before thee.

*Dec. 3.*—Quite unwell in body, but calm, serene, and quiet in mind. Truly, labor is rest, and pain is sweet, if God be with us there. I do desire to have THEE all my own. I am weak, but thou art strong.

O heal and restore this shattered frame which has been torn by disease time after time, and thrice been brought to the borders of the grave. O Lord,

“ All my days are thy due,  
Be they many or few ;  
And they all are devoted to thee.”

*December 4th.*

Great bodily sufferings, but O the goodness of God to me. I compare myself to a bird tied to the earth, my mind rises on contemplation's wing to the heavenly world, but the body like a string ties me like the bird to the earth while I flutter to be gone ! Nevertheless, resignation composes my mind to suffer as long as my Heavenly Father sees best.

I have been kept on earth ten years longer than I had expected. Ten years ago this memorable day, Dec. 4, 1821, my Ebenezer was set up.

Hitherto the Lord has helped me. That was the month and the year when the Lord took me up to the third heavens ! Yea, he gave me a fresh commission to go and call sinners to repentance ; and still I have increasing desires to win souls to Christ.

The Lord is good ; he has raised me up from the shades of death, to testify of his goodness and praise his holy name. Ah ! Why—

“ Why my cold heart art thou not lost,  
In wonder love and praise ? ”

I am jealous of myself ; I fear the work of grace is not sufficiently deep in my poor heart. O thou whose nature and whose name is love,

“ Let all I am in thee be lost,  
But give thyself to me.”

“ Grant this, and then from all below,  
Insensibly remove ;  
My soul her change shall scarcely know,  
Made perfect first in love.”

*February, 1822.*

I am constrained to leave the circuit, on account of the low state of my health, and retire to my father's house in Sidney, Maine.

*Sabbath.*—I was able to go to the chapel and with the people of God in my native town.

I am a daily wonder to myself.—O Lord thy love my soul amazes. Some months have passed since I have visited the house of public worship ; yet the Lord has blessed me while in reading, meditation, prayer, and teaching my children, when able to perform even these private, and most delightful duties. For my poor body has sunk to death's door. Yet I can say,

“Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away ;  
But let me find them all again,  
In that eternal day.”

In my Father's house are many mansions. John xiv. 2.

*December 5th.*

Yesterday was a very sick and painful day to me. O how many have been added to my short life. Sometimes, in the hours of darkest temptation, like Job, I have been ready to say, “they are greater than I can bear ;” but then again consolations come from the blessed promises of God, such as this ; “Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivers him out of them all.” That memorable day (December 4, in Vermont) has rolled round twelve times, and I am looking to the great Jehovah for help. O, what is the Lord about to do with my poor, weak and sick body ? Ah ! this need not concern me. Although the Lord has given me to drink

deep in his mixed cup ; yet he will save me from the dregs thereof, which the wicked wring out and drink up.

*Sabbath eve, 7.* The people assembled for a prayer-meeting. This was a reviving time to me. Once more, I am blessed with hearing the cries of mourning penitent sinners. O Lord, bless them with peace ! My soul is glad with exceeding joy.

For my accommodation, prayer-meetings are holden here ; and the young converts speak freely of what the Lord has done for their souls. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for what he has done, in multiplying converts in this place. But, O, the sore temptations, with which the enemy pursues me, from time to time ! O Lord, arise and stand up for my help ; plead my cause against mine enemies, that they may be driven back and confounded !

“The waves of trouble, how they roll !  
How loud the tempest roars !  
But death shall land the humble soul  
Safe on the heavenly shores.”

*Dec. 8, 1823. [the last date she ever made.]*

“Lord, I am sick ; my sickness cure !  
I want ; do thou enrich the poor !  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop ;  
O, lift thine abject handmaid up !”

O, most merciful God ! suffer me

“Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less !”

And thou hast heard my prayer, O Lord, and grant-

ed me my request. Therefore, I am encouraged to pray and praise, as long as I have breath. Yes, and after death, the pleasing theme, in distant worlds, renew.

How sweet is thy word to me, this morning, O Lord! How sweet is one moment's ease from pain of body! but O, how much sweeter a moment's release and rest from fiery trials, that are sent of God, to try us, as gold is tried in the fire! The Lord does all things well; and praise be given to his name! O, come, and let us praise him; for he \*  
\* \* \* [Here, her strength failed; and she could not finish the sentence, or ever write again. Her writing is done. She lingered until April 17th, 1824; and then, without a sigh or groan, sweetly fell asleep in the bosom of her God.]

## THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

"Farewell, old Time: ere thou hast reach'd the morn  
Thy sun shall gild his wings in Capricorn;  
Life's narrow frith I shall be wafted o'er,  
And cast my anchor on the eternal shore,  
Where all is dateless, endless, infinite,  
And being has no measure but delight!  
Farewell thou sun, and you bright planets, all  
That roll in silent beauty round the ball;  
I go, I go, to that celestial sphere,  
Where Jesus shines through one eternal year!  
Farewell, thou earth, and all that earth contains,  
Thy graceful hills, green meadows, flowers and plains,  
I leave thy wave-worn shores without a sigh,  
A father's mansion house, a master's joy—  
Invite me home; I unreluctant go  
Where pleasure never wears a fringe of wo!

Farewell to gold and silver,—wealth, adieu ;  
You fly from others, but I fly from you.  
Farewell to honor, I'm enroll'd above,  
My *plume*, my *crest*, is Love, *Redeeming Love* ;  
By his dear hand that bled, I read my name,  
Wrote 'mong the living in Jerusalem.  
Farewell to pleasure, vanities, and lies,  
I go to drink a *River* in the skies,  
Whose banks are with immortal verdure clad,  
Whose streams make all Jehovah's City glad.  
Farewell to houses, gardens, orchards, lands,  
I have an house above not made with hands,  
A spotless mansion, built of precious stone,  
A crown of living light, a jasper one.  
Farewell to knowledge, first of earthly things,  
I go to drink it where the fountain springs ;  
Clear from its source, pellucid and refined,  
The dregs of muddy error left behind.  
Farewell to *Death* ! I shall forever bloom  
In youth's fresh loveliness beyond the tomb.  
Farewell to sickness, all the aches and pains,  
That crowd my vitals and consume the reins ;  
No hectic flush shall on my cheeks disclose  
The transient blushes of the dying rose ;  
This aching, burning head, shall throb no more,  
And these sharp stitches in my side be o'er ;  
Farewell to friends, I leave the social ring,  
And fly to *Eden* on a Seraph's wing ;  
I soon shall join the ranks of the first-born,  
Whom robes of light and crowns of life adorn.  
Farewell thou fairest of my joys on *Earth*,  
The Church of God, the place of second birth,  
Of second life, and nameless comforts too ;  
More dear than gold, more sweet than vernal dew  
Have been thy verdant pastures to my soul,  
Where flowers appear and streams of pleasure roll.  
I go to see the Saints in beauty bright,  
The Saints embower'd in love, enshrin'd in light.  
I go to see the Lamb upon the *throne*,  
And that dear land, the beatific zone ;  
That land of sweet delight, of calm repose,  
Of Gilead's balm, of Sharon's fragrant rose ;  
There ceaseless bliss, and sun-bright knowledge reigns ;

No fiends to vex me, and no sin to stain,  
But friendship form'd by love,—O, Angel powers,—  
Receive a weary pilgrim to your bowers !  
O! let me listen to your golden lyres,  
And burn, like you, in love's seraphic fires ;  
Adore the Lamb, in each soul thrilling chant,  
Your ardor feel, and still for greater pant,—  
The weakest, meanest, poorest sinner take  
To your sweet fellowship, for Jesus' sake !  
Farewell my dearest children,—fare you well ;—  
What pangs I feel, to leave you, none can tell ;  
But I have drunk the bitter parting cup,  
And now, thank God, can freely give you up :  
Love, fear, adore, and serve the Lord alone !  
Soon we shall meet, where farewells are unknown.  
Farewell my husband—I am loth to part  
With thee, the joy and solace of my heart,  
With thee the dear companion of my care  
And bliss, when I had bliss to share :  
So round my *heart*, with many a fibre bound,  
To give thee up inflicts the *deepest wound* :  
But Jesus calls me to his bless'd abode,—  
I go the first, but thou art on the road :—  
'Tis but a moment! love—repress thy tears,—  
And then we're married through the eternal years.  
Well now the bitterness of death is pass'd,—  
That pang of souls untwining was the last,—  
The coast is clear, my mortal race is run ;  
Angels bring near the chariot, all is won ;  
I soon shall sing, on yon celestial shore,—  
I'm safe ! I'm safe ! I'm safe forever more.  
Step in my soul—I go with all my heart,  
Now let thy handmaid, Lord, in peace depart.”

AN ACCOUNT OF HER LAST SICKNESS  
AND DEATH.

BY HER HUSBAND.

After leaving Thomaston Circuit, her health, like that of people in decline, was sometimes so apparently good, that all indulged the fond hope that health and life would be prolonged: but in May and June her disease grew worse rapidly, so that in the judgment of one of the first physicians in the parts, her case was desperate; and that two weeks at most would end her career. Her lips, mouth, throat, and lungs appeared to be one coat of canker. Her cough racked her whole frame. Her weakness was such that she could leave the bed but little.

We prepared a cordial in the following manner:—took  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of gold thread and boiled out the strength in about one quart of water, then strained it off and added  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of loaf sugar, and simmered it away to about three gills and added a little brandy, so as to preserve it sweet. [ $\frac{1}{2}$  a glass.]\*

Doctor Mann from Hallowell, from friendship to us, came 12 miles voluntarily to inquire after our welfare, and do us all the good in his power. He approved of the cordial, and added, “Mrs. N. you are above the fear of death, and therefore if I tell you plainly my judgment, you will not be alarmed—” “By no means,” she replied, “for I have given all up, to die, and feel a measure of calm resignation, yet I have some thoughts that God will spare me a

\* This recipe is given for the benefit of the afflicted.

little longer to my children.”—The doctor rejoiced in her prospects, (for he had obtained a hope in the mercy of God himself,) and said, “You must not flatter yourself with the thoughts of life, for I see no ground to encourage you, but we will do all we can for your comfort and relief—take freely of your gold-thread cordial, keep your mouth and stomach moist with it—it cannot hurt you, and it may relieve you entirely from the canker.”—AND SO IT DID!!

I walked with the doctor to his carriage, who, with an affectionate look said, “I do feel it my duty to say to you plainly before I leave you, that *one week*, or *two at farthest* will remove your wife to another, and I trust a better world than this.” I replied, “Doctor, I have faith to believe God will raise her up to a measure of health, and spare her to us a little longer.

In two weeks she was able to ride to Hallowell. The doctor met us at the door and said, “Welcome to my house, your faith was a *good faith*.”

From this time, like most cases of consumption, for more than a year her health was in a state of constant fluctuation; at times able to attend the domestic concerns of her house, and ride out 10 or 20 miles, but often confined to the house, and a few times to her room. But as the autumn of 1823 approached her strength failed, her disease advanced, our fears were alarmed, and the word of the Lord, “Prepare to meet thy God,” spoke loud to us. In November she could help herself but little. December and January, her sufferings were great, but the work of the Lord on the circuit demanded my attention: but at our Quarterly meeting holden in Pittston, Feb. 1824, the good Lord opened the door, and brought a young man to take my circuit,

and with advice and consent of my Presiding Elder and brethren, and from a sense of duty, I left the field and retired to my little family, that by the grace of God I might stand in my lot through the trying scene, as a pillar in my house.

It now became necessary to have watchers every night; and to give as little trouble as possible, I proposed to rise at twelve o'clock every night, and watch until the morning. Her benevolent father's household readily agreed to take the necessary care the first part of the night. Thus I was favored with the opportunity to mark her piety and disease day and night, and it was a season never to be forgotten. From the commencement of our acquaintance we ever made death and judgment a familiar topic—we met and we parted as though it was, or might be, our last time. But now, sitting under the frozen wall of death, and the grave at our feet, we were making arrangements for the moment of separation. Religion has beauties which adorn life with charms celestial, but in no place can the worth of the grace of God be so truly estimated this side of heaven, as in the hours of sickness and death.

One day having lifted her from the bed to the chair, and then to the bed again, and waiting for her to rest, I asked, How does death appear to you now it is doubtless so near? Panting awhile for breath, as soon as she was able to speak, she said, "To live looks pleasant, that I may watch over my children and train them up for God, encourage you to preach the gospel, and do what I can to win souls to Christ; but to die looks *most pleasant*."

The last of February, a C. Baptist preacher, Br. G., called on us, and his visit was like cold water

to a thirsty soul. He talked like a man of sense and deep piety. He observed, that a Christian might in some cases be more useful and honor the cause of God more while suffering the will of God patiently, on a bed of sickness, than when doing the will of God in health. He preached, and the Lord set home the word with power. In the first of March a youth came in to see her, and while looking upon her, and seeing her composure on the bed of death, and hearing her words, exhorting her to lay aside pride and become an humble Christian, and go to heaven, she was much affected, and had no peace until she found the pearl of great price. Her disease was, comparatively speaking, like the tide ; her sick days would sink her low, as if death would immediately do his office ; then returning gales of health would breathe upon her, and she would appear as though God was about to let her enjoy the blessings of health again : but in all these changing prospects, I observed a constant gradual decay ; her flesh wasted, her strength failed, the power of speech failed. About the middle of March, one night after passing more than ten hours under such distress that it appeared as though nature must fail, and she sink under the burning fever, racking pains, and tearing cough, as I supported, and partly raised her up to relieve her as far as possible by a change of posture ; I prayed in my heart, that the compassionate Jehovah would support and preserve her from impatience : and to know her state of mind, I asked, does your patience hold out ? Her reply was, in slow and broken accents, " O the goodness of God."

" I do not murmur at his stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less."

About this time a brother in Christ with his wife came up from B. and called on us—we sang,

“ God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the deep  
And rides upon the storm,” &c.

We prayed, and sister D. took Fanny by the hand, saying, “ Farewell, sister, you will no doubt arrive safe home to glory before me, but I hope to be so happy as to meet you there. Such was the rational conclusion, when comparing the blooming, healthy countenance of the one, to the pale and deathly visage of the other, panting upon the bed of death ; but the hymn just sang states,

“ His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour.”

More than a week sooner than Fanny, Sister D. was hurried away with but a few days sickness to meet her Judge. When I had performed my duty and returned to my Circuit, and enquired for sister Densmore—I was answered, She is gone to try the realities of vast eternity—The calm composure with which she met her sudden arrest gives us lively hopes that she has gone safely. About the 20th of March, the sweet breeze of health so far revived in my companion, that I drew her into another room in a chair, and the day following, with a little assistance she walked out, sat down and sung one verse of a hymn. And our fond hopes were flattered that the Lord would even raise her up again as in times past.—For eight or ten weeks, it had been but a small part of the time that she could

even turn herself in the bed without assistance, and often we had to move her entirely alone.

About the 25th of March, I took her in my arms, carried her to the sleigh, and rode about eighty rods and returned, and when seated, with a smile she said, "How good and reviving the clear air of this fair spring day is to weak lungs."—The next day the tide turned—an ulcer broke upon the decayed lungs, and strength and life ebbed out in rapid flight, and to her comfort and our joy, the gold-thread cordial, by the blessing of God, cleansed the mouth of canker, and kept it clean unto the last. Her appetite for food continued good, and all the kind friends of different societies, as if touched by a celestial hand, cheerfully offered to do all in their power for her comfort and support. The Good Lord reward them.

About the last of March, one night wrestling with the disease until three or four in the morning, and being so far relieved as to lie still upon the pillows, she interrupted my reflections by breaking the happy silence of the sacred place, saying, "Glory to God! that I sought and found religion in my *youthful days*. It has preserved me from those snares into which many fall, that cost them many tears in riper days. It has been a shield and support unto me all through life. And now a crown of everlasting life lies just before me." Heaven was in her looks, and heaven was in her words.—What shall I do if you go and leave me? "Put the children to the institution on Kent's-hill, Readfield, and go and preach the Gospel to poor sinners, and God will be with you and bless you!" She appeared to *lie* on the grace of God as a boat lies on the bosom of the great deep. Thus, while the outer

man was decaying, the inner man was renewed day by day.

Through the winter, prayer meetings had been holden in the house on her account, and the holy sacrament had once or twice been administered to her on her sick bed. But now such was the nervous affection that the least jar or sound in almost any part of the house seemed to shake her whole frame, and affect the whole body with an indescribable anguish. Yet, quiet as a lamb panting under the enormous load—and to use her own words, “pain is sweet, and life or death is gain.” She placed suffering and death among the Christian’s treasures.

After one of these distressing times was over, and she was able to rest on the pillows, I expressed my gratitude that she was so easy. “Easy? yes, I am easy to what I was, but if you or any other person was to pass from a state of good health into the sufferings which I now feel, easy as you think I am, they would no doubt make as much ado, and be as restless as I have been in the greatest distress which I have passed through. There is not one breath even now without pain, and the language of the poet is well suited to my present case,

‘Distressing pains my vitals tear,  
While every joint and limb  
Their mutual portion bear.’”

Having passed almost the whole night in bodily sufferings, towards break of day, reclining on the pillows with her eyes full of expression, and a countenance shining with the grace of God, she said, “My kind husband, you must not be alarmed if I have a dreadful struggle in death, for I expect it;

but I have been praying to God—and he will support me, *I shall be carried safe through.*”

The first of April the young brother came from my circuit and requested me to go and baptize, and receive into society, those who were made free by the grace of God. I appointed a day, and observed—if my wife is no worse I will come, if dead and not buried I will come, but if she is dying I will not come. The morning came, and as my custom was, I was ready up, and at 4 o'clock A. M. I prepared to go, took some food, rose from the table, and my wife said, “I have been thinking of those dear lambs, and think you had better stay until after the Sabbath. You may do them good—they have need of help. I may live, I may not; leave that with God, it is no matter.”—Knowing how partial she was to my strength and skill in lifting and moving her, my heart was sensibly touched, to think how much her love for souls and resignation to the will of God had done for her. I knelt down by her bed, and silently lifted my case and laid it at the foot of mercy until I was composed, and was perfectly willing to

“Leave to his sovereign sway  
To choose and to command.”

After a word of vocal prayer, I took the parting hand—reason said for the last time on earth—nature wept and melted, but faith bore up the soul in calm and heavenly joy.

About 20 miles I rode through the mud and frost to Windsor; met a large assembly and several local preachers, and we had the comforts of the Holy Spirit for our support. I tarried from Thurs-

day to Sabbath; and with the kind and affectionate help of Br. David Young, we baptized, according to the best of my memory, about *thirty*; and admitted on probation about *fifty*. It was a time of great joy in that place. I returned a few miles and preached on Sabbath evening, and the good Lord gave me great peace in my soul, *all was tranquil*. I felt that God was all in all, while I looked not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, which are eternal.

“Friends, believe me when I tell,  
When Christ is with me all is well.”

I arrived home on Monday about 9 o'clock, A. M., and as I opened the door, my wife, bolstered up in the bed, opened her eyes, and the first words were, “How do the tender lambs of the flock prosper? Are the young converts strong in faith, praising the Lord?” I answered, yes, the God of Jacob has been with us—we have had a happy season.—“Glor-y to God! he has been with me also. I have not been so free from pain, nor rested so well for many days before, as I have these few days that you have been gone to work for the Lord.”

We united to give thanks to God for granting us one privilege more of meeting on the shores of time, and the joy we have in hearing that sinners are repenting and turning to God.

I inquired of the children, how they felt to be left without regular family worship? (not thinking it possible for their mother to perform the duty.) They looked upon each other, and then upon their mother in silence. She answered, “We have devotion,” and proceeded to give me the history, as she was

able, to which I listened with deep interest.—“ Such has been my esteem for family worship, that in your absence I have endeavored always to maintain it according to the best of my ability, and sometimes under the embarrassment of sitting in my chair, or lying on my bed through bodily weakness. But now my voice and lungs are so affected, that nature forbids my performing that duty in vocal strains as in days that are past, and what shall be done ? As I lay thus musing, and reflecting on my case, just about to bid farewell to the world, my children about to be left, and if their father continues faithful, ranging the wide world in quest of souls, our family altar would be thrown down, and the children gather round a stranger’s altar, or perhaps have their lot cast where no vocal prayer is heard. The emotions of my mind cannot easily be described, until the hands of Israel stretched and laid on the heads of Joseph’s children, passed through my mind. At the proper time, I called on the children to take their Bibles for family worship. After reading their chapter, I caused them to come near and kneel down by my bed side, and in the name of the God of Israel I reached out my hand and laid it on their heads, believing that God, who seeth in secret, can bless, without words as well as with ; and truly they may be reckoned amongst some of the most refreshing seasons that I ever enjoyed with my little family ; and I humbly hope, that our children will be numbered with the tribes of Israel, and have a lot of inheritance with the people of God. And as Israel gathered up his feet upon his bed and died, leaving his blessing upon his offspring, so even I was willing to die and leave my husband and children in the care of that God who has protected me as he

did Israel, all my lifetime, and brought me to hope in the *resurrection*!

“Such was the enlargement of my mind on the care of a kind Providence over the righteous, and the showers of grace that descended like the dew of heaven upon us, that we wept, and my tears were tears of joy, more than grief.”

Reader, fix your mind on a mother with her children, thus presenting themselves before God; view the falling tears, hear the sobbing children listen to the low voice of the pale parent, ready to depart, now and then softly whispering, “Lord bless my son—my daughter—I leave them with thee—they are thine—take them—keep them—from the evils—that are in the world—for Jesus’ sake—make them useful—support us in—death—bring us to meet—in—heaven—glory—to God—amen—glory—glory—glory—praise—God—amen—amen—.”

See the smiles that speak a composure and tranquillity that a full view of parting with parents, husband, and children, and sinking into the cold bosom of death cannot obliterate, and then can you say, in candor, *There is nothing in religion?* The man of God can say, “To live is Christ, to die is gain!” Let all the people know, that the “Sting of death is SIN, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through (faith in) Jesus Christ our Lord!” I often saw the day star rise, and the day breaking, while sitting by the side of my dear wife. In the language of inspiration, “The morning cometh and also the night.” “He turneth the shadow of death into the morning of life.”—I had such views of the resurrection of the dead, and the glory that shall follow, that death appeared like a friend with a life-boat to take us off of the wreck of this poor world, and

land us safe upon the fair shores of eternal blessedness. The narrow gulf of death and the gloomy grave, were so lost in the unbounded joy which began to heave in view, and the earnest of the inheritance which the Lord gave us, that we could say,

“’Tis a heaven below, the Redeemer to know.”

And with Jacob, “God is here! this is the gate of heaven!” No dread but that of God; no fear but the fear of the Lord; no desire but to do and suffer the will of God, to whom we could look up, and with inexpressible delight, cry, Abba, Father.

About the tenth or twelfth of April, signs of a departure were very manifest, and I inquired of her if her mind was the same as formerly? and received a satisfactory answer.

April 15th, as I sat watching the slow, deadly approach of the maturity and victory of the disease; and the sweet heaven in the countenance of my love, she broke the silence, and gave directions concerning her funeral.

Nature now appeared to have given up the struggle, and had yielded almost passively to the disease. Her cough ceased, mostly, raised but little, and inclined to sleep; but such was her weak state, that eight or ten minutes was as long, in general, as we dare let her sleep at once. By her request, her father’s family were called in for family worship. On the 17th of April, in the morning, one of the affectionate near neighbors came in, bringing a plate of food ready cooked, of that kind, which of late had relished best, and sat the easiest on her weak stomach. She thanked her benefactor, but lifting her hand said, “It looks good, but I cannot take it”

—my heart felt the sentence! Death sat waiting, as on the banks of Jordan, for the water to divide and give a passport through. All the nourishment of the last twenty-four hours, was a few table spoons full of gruel and cordial, of which we wet her lips and mouth.—Such was her calm composure, that I said, as I awoke her, your sleep appears quiet—“Yes, almost natural,” was the reply—“and I feel almost well, only a load in my breast like a stone.” About sunset, sister O. Wing of the society called Friends, came, and as I met her at the door she said, I have come by the Spirit to Fanny, believing that if I did not come to-day I should not see her alive—something said in my heart, You have come to help lay her out.

The good Lord so far supported her, that she appeared to converse in a low tone easier than she had for days—her countenance was cheerful and most pleasant, as if waiting for some most desirable object. About eight o'clock, after having conversed with some freedom with us, she requested the family to be called in for social worship. It fell on my mind—it is the last we shall enjoy together on earth—and so it was! I read a short portion of the word of God, and my mind was fixed on the Israelites passing Jordan. They were not afraid, the water stood as an heap—but the footsteps of the priests were to be seen, and the ARK of the covenant was in the midst of the channel of the river, and there could be no dread of danger. My prayer was, O Lord, let thine handmaid see thy face, and hear thy voice, and she will not be afraid! O be thou with us, and all is well. To the glory of God I would say—It was so! *All was well!* Heaven closed us round—the shades of death fell back—

the charms of the Saviour's dying love brought life and immortality to light.

My prayer closed,—the family retired. I said to Fanny, Your accounts are sealing up for eternity, and how soon ours will be sealed we know not. You have been deprived of public worship for a long time—to-morrow will be the Sabbath—you will most probably spend it with Abraham in the midst of saints and angels. She was requested to try to take some nourishment, but said, "I would, as gladly as you would have me, but I cannot! My case is desperate." Turning her eyes on me, she said, "If you will prepare the drops—I will take them if possible, for I feel my distress coming on, and I may have a little rest the first part of the night." I stepped across the room to prepare them—she reached her hands to her mother, and sister W. and they raised her up—she coughed, and raised, but could not discharge it—fell back upon the pillows—fixed her eyes upward with inexpressible sweetness—the family were called in—but she was gone without a struggle or a groan. So much glory appeared to shine upon her, that it was too much for nature, and she sweetly fell asleep in the bosom of Jesus her Lord! I was knelt by her side, and felt the last pulse and the last motion of the heart, and saw the white hue, like a blush, flash over her face, and her eyes full of lustre and big with expression lose all their sweetness and sink down in death—her head bent forward a little, and all was silent—a bed of DEATH!!

My feelings none can tell! Her eternal state is fixed! I felt very solemn, though I had such a sense of the presence of God, as I cannot describe.

The ministering spirits seemed to be present, and the following lines came to my mind.

“Angels now are hovering round us,  
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,—  
 Wondering at the love that crown'd us,  
 Glad to join the holy song:  
     Hallelujah,  
 Love and praise to Christ belongs.”

I could say with the poet,

“Heaven and earth agree,  
 Angels and men are join'd  
 To celebrate with me  
     The SAVIOUR of mankind!  
 T'adore the all atoning Lamb,  
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.”

The full tide of heavenly consolation rolled me along until after her dust was laid in the dust. My mind was enriched by a celestial power that seemed to shut me in on all sides, as the shepherds were covered with the glory that surrounded them.—Never until now did I have such exalted thoughts of the dignity of the Christian! Their dust is sacred, and the soul celestial in the society above, where Jesus reigns supreme! Many were the tears which I saw flow from the eyes of those who came in to take a farewell look! But none made such deep impression as the tears that fell from the fair faces of the little children whom she had taught in Sabbath school while living. They looked, they gazed, and melted down, and turned away, covering their weeping eyes with their little hands—sweet offering to the one they loved.

The following lines, which I found in her writ-

ings, and read while sitting by her remains, appeared appropriate to tears shed at such a time as this.

1. Ye fleeting charms of earth, farewell,  
Your springs of joy are dry ;  
My soul now seeks another home,  
A brighter world on high.
2. Farewell, ye friends, whose tender care  
Has long engag'd my love ;  
Your fond embrace I now exchange  
For better friends above.
3. Cheerful I leave this vale of tears,  
Where pains and sorrows grow ;  
Welcome the day that ends my toils,  
And every scene of wo.
4. No more shall sin disturb my breast,  
My God shall frown no more ;  
The streams of love divine shall yield  
Transports unknown before.
5. Fly, then, ye interposing days!—  
Lord, send the summons down ;  
The hand that strikes me to the dust,  
Shall raise me to a *Crown*.

*Chorus.*

O heaven, sweet heaven,  
Dear Lord, when shall I get to heaven.

Her remains now rest in the new grave-yard in Sidney, Kennebeck county, Maine. The stone presented by the kind friends of Thomaston, was placed at the head, with the inscription in the following order.

## SEEK GOD!

Stop, my friend ! O take another *view* !  
The dust that moulders here,  
Was once belov'd like you !  
No longer then on future time rely,  
Improve the present—  
And prepare to DIE !!!

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## FANNY,

The beloved consort of the

Rev. E. F. NEWELL,

Died April 17, 1824,

Aged 30 years, 11 mo. and 5 days.

**EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. NEWELL.**

[The following Extracts of Letters written by Mrs. Newell, it is believed will be read with interest by the circle of her former acquaintance, and it is hoped not unprofitably by others.]

*Extract of a letter from Pittston to Royalton, Vermont.*

Dearly beloved Brother and Sister H.

I gladly embrace this good opportunity of writing to you, after having long premeditated the agreeable task. You would excuse this long delay, if you knew my labors, and visits, which I perform in the name of the Lord, around this large circuit, which reaches the isles of the sea, and extends far back from the shore. After I left Vermont, and came to Maine, I tarried with my parents, about six weeks. And the time, I trust, was not spent in vain. I took up some of the time in recounting the wonderful goodness of God—the various trials through which I had been brought—the many friends which the Lord had raised up, to smooth my path in life, while travelling over that rugged part of Vermont. We prayed, and sang hymns, and I had some happy meetings, and was glad after so long absence, to exhort sinners again in my native land, to turn to God and live.

I enjoy peace, by the salt water, and am as willing to serve God with unwearied diligence, as when on the high hills of Vermont. Do you inquire after

our children, for whom you have done so much? They are the pictures of health, and their growing faculties render them children of great promise. But these flowers must fade, these children must die.

Our greatest concern is to train them up for God, and in the way that they should go. Help by your prayers. And may the Lord bless you, and your children, and bring us all to meet in glory when time is no more.

Adieu in love,

F. N.

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*Extract of letters written from Maine to Vermont.*

Respected Friends,

Through the great goodness of God, I am favored with an opportunity of writing to you, and gladly lay aside the pressing cares of life, and employ a pleasant moment in reflecting on your many acts of benevolence to me and mine, when a stranger with you; especially—the trying hour of sickness. Receive my sincere and hearty thanks, for all the kindness shown me, which I shall remember, and often with that tenderness of heart, which causes my tears to flow in abundance.

Yea, I go to the throne of grace, and cry to God for you, and plead his precious promise, to such as visit the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, relieve the oppressed, and entertain the stranger. But Ah! What will all my tears, and prayers, together with those of my companion, and all the Israel of God, avail, unless you comply with the offers of salvation, as recorded in the Bible? Let

me inquire, are your souls in health? Are you travelling in the narrow, happy way, that leads to everlasting bliss? If so, I congratulate you on your pilgrimage journey. All hail ye redeemed of the Lord—ye children of the most high God! Go on.—By the grace of God I will meet you in glory.

“There to sing and shout our sufferings o’er,  
On that eternal happy shore.”

Or are you negligent about the important concerns of the soul? Are you halting without securing the precious pearl of inestimable worth? If so, you have reason to fear (after all) lest a promise being left you—any of us should come short of it.

Forgive my boldness of speech, for I realize that we are eternity bound souls, who must exist as long as God exists, in happiness or woe. Prepare to meet thy God. That when he comes to make up his jewels, we may be found joyful on God’s right hand.

My health, that of the children, and my husband’s, is good as usual. May you and yours enjoy a like blessing.

With esteem,

F. N.

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*Extract of a Letter written from Calais to Readfield, Maine.*

Benevolent Friends,

The Lord has been very good to me. My health is as good as usual. I have been sick, but the Lord has raised me up. I enjoy my mind, and am resolved to serve the Lord, all the days of my

appointed time, until my change comes. I mean to redeem my time with great industry, so that when I am called to leave this world, I may finish my course with joy, and not with grief. Then it will be easy dying! May the Lord grant that we may prove it true, by blessed and happy experience! With joy I received your letter, and read your desires to serve the Lord; and my cry was, Amen! May that dear woman follow on to know the Lord, and the increasing light, like the dawning morning, will be to you the light of life. Happy living, and easy dying. For your encouragement, reflect, God requires the whole heart. O give it to him without reserve. A broken and contrite heart is a sacrifice well pleasing in the sight of God. Truly, it is a great thing to be a Christian! But it is possible to be such an one, as the Lord will accept, and love. Genuine piety is a change from nature to grace, Christ the hope of glory formed in the soul; as Paul says, "Christ in you the hope of glory." Time is short. Be faithful. Consider your Christian privileges; the meanest place in the cause of God is glorious—a door keeper is better than to dwell in the tents of sin. The love I have for perishing souls makes hard things easy. 'Tis like death to me to live in sloth and cold indifference. Let us then arise and shine, for the light is come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon us.

F. N.

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*Extract of a Letter from Calais to Readfield, Me.*

Dear Youth,

I take my pen with pleasure to answer your let-

ter, and with you hope that it will not be the last. But life is uncertain. These lines may come to your place of abode—and you, like a rose plucked in the bloom, may be gone! And your charming beauties may be sunk in death's cold embrace. Or should you live to read what I have written, I may be gone from the earth far away. With these thoughts, I look to God for wisdom, that my time in writing, and your time in reading, may not be spent in vain, or wasted like too many of our precious moments already gone, eternally unimproved.

You expressed a wish, that all the prayers and exhortations with which you had been blessed, might not be lost upon you, but that they may leave impressions never to be worn off. Amen, was my reply; so let it be, O Lord. The Bible shows us, that there is a possibility of such a loss; for the word of God saith, (Hebrews iv. 2,) “The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it.” In order, then, to come to God in a spiritual way, you must believe that God *is*, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. But when asked, Do you believe he is? you answer, Yes. Do you believe he is a rewarder of all who diligently seek him?—silence, or a reply, he cannot reward such a sinner as I am, is made. Here you see the lack of faith. Another hindrance is the lack of humility. Joseph did not make himself known unto his brethren, till humility had pressed them down, and he saw the anguish of their hearts, and heard them confess their guilt in seeking their brother Joseph's ruin. So Christ will save none who have passed the time of accountability without faith and repentance.

Faith is composed, I might say, of three things :

first, assent of the understanding ; secondly, consent of the will ; thirdly, affiance of the heart. Let me say to you, be wise to know your gracious day.

Harbor pride, and unbelief, and they will carry you down the splendid current of this world's glory, and bar Christ and heaven out of your heart, and ripen you for that ruin that will assuredly overtake the wicked. Fly then to Christ. He is able and willing to save all who come to God by him. Think it not hard, that he requires something of you. Be willing to rank among those saved in the days of his sojourning on earth. Bring the question home to your own heart. Dost thou believe that I am able to do this ? All things are possible to him who believeth. As thy faith, so be it done unto thee. But a hint in your letter, that doubts, whether it is true, perplex you at times. Leave them as not worthy of a place in your mind. Be on the sure side. Live according to the *Divine* requirements, and it will be for your true happiness, even in this present life, and never can harm you on a bed of sickness and death, to reflect, that you have practised *holiness* in the fear of God. Jesus, who knew well what was in both worlds, has said, "O that thou hadst known, in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

O then let us fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his *rest*, you and I come short. My young friend, I have written a long letter, receive it as my good will ; weak and imperfect as it is. My prayer is, that you may be stimulated to attend to that more sure word of prophecy, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your heart. Then

your joy will be full. Then your next letter will give me the joy of angels when sinners repent.

F. N.

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*Extract of a Letter from Calais to Gardiner, Me.*

Afflicted Brother in the Lord,

When I heard of your loss it deeply affected me. I have had impressions to write to you for a long time; to-day I devote a few moments, and may the Lord direct my pen, and make me instrumental of your comfort and edification. Brother C., God has removed from you one of the greatest blessings enjoyed on *earth*; the choice of your younger days, and the delight of your heart! Is she gone? Shall we see her no more until the *great day* of the *Lord Jesus*? The word of God alone can support us, under sorrows *deep as thine*. Lean, then, upon his precious promise—"All things shall work together for good to them who love God." Happy the man who can say,

"I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my *all*."

Is this your happy lot? Do you sink into the Divine will? Can you say, The world is weaned from my affections, and I am brought nearer to God? I trust you can say this! But do I not hear you say, My cares are doubled! The precious branches of my dear departed wife are leaning wholly on me, for support and instruction.—Your feelings are known only to God, and those

who like you have been left with motherless children! God meets your children with a promise; "I will be a God to the orphan; let them trust in me." O pray to God; he invites you to call on him in the day of trouble; and he has assured us that he will hear our prayer. May we so live, that when death comes we may be ready, and hail him as we would a friend, who brings with him our passport to heaven! There I hope to meet all the sanctified at God's right hand—to part no more. This lively hope

"Gives even affection a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot."

F. N.

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*Extract of a Letter written from Thomaston to Hal-  
lowell.*

Dear M——,

I hail you from the western bank of the Penobscot Bay, on Mr. Newell's circuit extending from Georgetown to Knox, a four weeks' range. Truly the fields are white to harvest, and faithful laborers are few. I have a willing heart; but viewing myself a poor weak female, I try to excuse myself, and say, why me, O my Lord, why me? Why am I called to this, that, and the other duty? O sister, I feel the weight of the Redeemer's words rest on me in a manner I never did before; "Verily I say unto thee there is no man that hath left parents, or brethren, or wife, or children; for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

This is enough ; who could ask for more ? Who would not be willing to sacrifice all for him, who has suffered so much, and promised so much ? My soul answers,

“If such a worm as I can spread  
A common Saviour’s name ;—  
Nor sin, nor satan can I fear,  
With Jesus in my view.”

A *woman*, when Christ was on earth, broke a box of precious ointment, and poured it on his head,—and there were some who found fault ! But our Lord said, let her alone, she has wrought a good work on me ; she has done what she could. The Lord would accept of us if we did what we could, small as our mites might be. I feel the importance of working while the day lasts, for the night (death) cometh, wherein no man can work. The Lord is at work in great mercy, and converting souls in this place. O sister M., my mind often carries me to your comfortable dwelling and seats me by you alone in sweet and private interview ;—but recollection hurries me back to my place far distant from you.—Kind benefactors are multiplied, and my heart is often raised in silent, but ardent desires for the benevolent souls whose hands have administered to my necessities. I cannot forget them, neither can I say that I am worthy for whom they do this—Oh no ! I am the most unworthy of all the little ones of my heavenly Father. Yet through the grace of God I do—I must claim this appellation, “*little one* !”—O claim the reward promised, and God will bless you—unworthy as I am, I claim a large interest in your addresses at the *Throne* of

*Grace*; and may Christ be our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and complete redemption.

“Descend, celestial fire,  
And seize me from above!  
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,  
A sacrifice of love.

Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days:  
And to my God my soul ascend,  
In sweet perfumes of praise.”

Farewell in love,

F. N.

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*Extract of a Letter from Gardiner to Sidney, dated  
July 15, 1818.*

Dear Mother,

I come now to write to you a farewell, as I cannot see you face to face; And may the Lord direct my pen. I calculated much on seeing you before my departure, but I am disappointed. Shall I be disappointed of meeting you again on earth? If I meet you in heaven I will ask no more.—Are you bound there? Then be careful for nothing; but with prayer and thanksgiving make your request known to God, who is able to cleanse, and make you fit for glory. O my parents, pray for me, that I may be supported under whatever trial I may be called to pass, and glorify God in my soul and body which are his; and may we all seek an entire conformity to the mind and will of God; and prove the depth, and height, the length, and breadth of the love of God, which passeth all understanding. We

expect to set sail tomorrow at an early hour, for St. Croix. I leave my native land, and for what? to gain silver or gold? No! Money could not tempt me to make the sacrifice I do. What then am I going for? I answer, to encourage a preacher of the Gospel; and help in the great and glorious work of winning souls to Christ! And although I may pass deep waters of affliction, I have no dread, because I trust in the Lord; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

Although *death* may be near, and the grave at my feet, I trust in the Lord to land me safe, where the waves of trouble will cease to roar, and the tempest be forever calm. Then, O then,—

“When the victory we have won,  
And each receive a starry crown,  
We’ll shout and sing our sufferings o’er,  
On that eternal happy shore.”

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*Extract of a Letter from Calais to Sidney, Maine.*

“Dear Parents,

The Lord is very gracious to me. He has visited us with sickness since we came to this country. But he knows what is best. Let him do what seemeth good in his sight, is the language of my heart. I write a few lines and then give over writing to wait on the sick, one of whom is my daughter. But the Lord is my shield and my strength. His grace is equal to my day. I believe these afflictions are designed for our good.” In another letter she writes thus:—“My courage far exceeds my strength, or I should not go. My health is poor

and the roads bad ; but the harvest is great and faithful laborers are few. There are many places destitute of preaching. The missionary spirit has got such deep hold upon me, that I am willing to encounter great difficulties, to spend, and be spent for God, and the good of souls. Willing to wear out, and not rust out, in so good a cause as winning souls to Christ. I think my labors are, at least, acceptable among the female part of the community. Shall I say tears are our hire? Glory to God, for the floods we see flowing from the eyes of the aged, rolling down their furrowed cheeks, and from the young, like drops of dew upon the rose. The Lord is doing wonders among this people. Give yourselves no anxious concern on my account ; if I die here, the will of the Lord be done. Reformation makes this place pleasant. The wilderness, the solitary places are glad—They blossom like the rose. The songs of the redeemed, and the groans of the wounded, continue to form a sweet concert.

“ Angels sing, and men rejoice,  
When sinners make the better choice.”

May Christ be our portion forever.”

F. N.

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*Extracts from a Letter written from Sidney to Calais.*

*Respected friends,* The providence of God has prevented my intended visit to your house before I left the circuit. I was low on a bed of sickness ; and brought even to the gate of death ; and when

the fever left me, I was exceeding low. And in hopes of benefit, we took a passage by water to Boston, and then to Kennebeck, and arrived at my father's in Sidney, July 15th, after an absence of about one year.

Happy again in my native place, and in the midst of relations, we gave thanks to God for his guardian care over us, who has brought us to meet again on earth. You are not forgotten by us, although separated by towering mountains, long gloomy vallies, rivers and lakes ; yet distance nor time can separate our love for you, or cause us to forget your hospitality. We were strangers, and you took us in to your house. Our prayer is, that you may be saved, and God is witness of our tears and sighs for you. I wish you well as I do my own soul. The Lord has blessed you in the abundance of the good things of this world. O be entreated and encouraged, to seek a treasure in heaven. What would it profit you to gain the whole world and lose your own soul? There is a *divine* reality in pure religion ; notwithstanding many who profess to have it, are a disgrace to the holy cause of God, and bring a reproach upon Christ. But all this does not alter *religion* ; it remains the same pure source of true felicity ; therefore lay up your treasure in heaven. Look not on professors of religion who, too often, *lack* the "genuine mark of love." But look to Jesus, who is the Saviour of all men ; especially of those who believe. God is *love*.

F. NEWELL.

*Extract of a letter, written from Sidney to Machias.*

Beloved Friends,

To you I must devote a few moments in writing, for you have a share in my affections. You twine about my heart. I cannot forget a people for whom I have had so much travail, labor, prayers and tears. My desire is, that you may follow on to know the Lord, whom to know aright is life eternal. The King's highway of holiness is a delightful path; it is so plain, that whosoever desireth may walk therein. It is marked with blood, and that heavy monument, the cross, is standing in the gate, and you must take it up, and bear it, all the strait and narrow way, until you arrive at heaven's gate.

The word of the Lord is truth; "except a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me, he cannot be my disciple." Thus you see, you must not only enter in at the strait gate, but you must follow Christ, through good report, or evil report. Yea, go without the camp, content to bear the reproach of Christ. And,

"March with courage in his strength,  
To see and praise your God."

For, "he who putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven."  
"He that endureth to the end, shall be saved."

At the gate of heaven you will lay down the cross, and receive the crown. O joyful period, when all this warfare shall end! Who then, would not be willing to fight for Prince Immanuel, God with us? Wait on God, and you shall renew your strength in Christ, to travel on, and possess the

good land, and enter in through the gate into the city.

Eternal life is before you! What a prize! An inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Reserved in heaven for all who love God, and keep his commandments. Follow the good example of Caleb; practice holiness in the fear of the Lord. Every man's work shall be tried by fire. Gold suffers no loss by fire. The pure in heart shall see God. But alas for the wicked! They shall call for the rocks and mountains to fall on them, and hide them from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the *Lamb*. For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?

O horrid must the state of that soul be in, who chooseth rather to be crushed under a mountain than see the face of God! But these shall go away into everlasting punishment; yea, they shall be cast into a lake of fire; "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Is there any precious soul within the reach of this letter, who is unacquainted with the blood of Christ, that cleanseth from *all sin*, who is sinning against God, and treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath? Suffer me to give you a word of exhortation. For you my heart is pained, perhaps you have heard my voice, and seen my tears, whilst pleading with you to turn and live. Believe me; I have the same desire as when with you. O seek the Lord with all diligence. Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace. They who seek shall find—give up your heart without reserve to God, and "good shall come to thee."

Put not off the important concerns of the soul.

Delays are dangerous! To-day is the blessed day; hear his voice and live. The Gospel calls to-day; sinners it speaks to you. Incline your ear. Come, and go to heaven with the friends of Jesus. I shall want to see you there. I shall look out for my kind friends and benefactors; and shall I see any of them, in that great day of the Lord Jesus, far on the left

“With horror stand  
To meet their awful doom?”

How painful the thought to my heart. What, those who have administered to my wants and necessities when I was with you? Must I take an everlasting farewell of you, and see you go away into everlasting fire, prepared—for who? not for you, but the devil and his angels. The judgment is not yet come! the trumpet has not yet sounded, nor the angel proclaimed, that *time* shall be no more! Glory to God! the thoughts revive my soul. Your probation is not over. A space is yet granted you to repent, and improve your time. You have not a moment to lose. Set about the important work. Embrace offered mercy. Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Too long you have lingered in the plain. There is no repentance in the grave. As death leaves us, judgment will find us. Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand. Refuse not the bitter herbs of penitential sorrow for sin. Life is fast ebbing out.

“A point of time, a moment’s space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.”

I must close my long letter ; my full heart would add much more ; but my lawful concerns will not permit ; for I labor with my hands, in addition to travelling with my husband ; and God is with me. May the comforts of pure religion in this world, and a seat in glory, be our happy lot.

My prayer to God for you is, that you may be saved ; and we all meet in heaven.

F. N.

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*Sidney, June 18th.*

Respected Friends,

With a grateful heart, I can inform you of our safe arrival to this place. Our health is usually good. Our children are in health ; and improving, in knowledge and learning. O may we be humble and thankful.

“O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free !  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me.”

And now permit me to inquire, how it is with thee ? Have you the direct witness of the Spirit—God’s Spirit, bearing witness with thy spirit, that thou art a child of God, born from above ? If so, the Lord speed thee on thy pilgrim journey, and bring thee safe to thy desired haven of rest. Or do I hear you say, as before I parted with you, I am shut up in darkness, doubts and fears ; sin and guilt gather round my poor heart, and like a thick cloud, shut me up in terror. Let me point you to the friend of Sinners. “Behold the Lamb of

God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" O remember this. He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Christ, in the days of his flesh, required faith in those whom he healed. To one he said, If thou canst believe all things are possible to him who believeth. To another, According to thy faith, so be it unto thee. Again—Do you believe I am able to do this? Go wash in the pool! Stretch out thy withered hand. Lift up thy soul, and pray with the disciple, Lord, increase my faith. Rest not, until you are brought into the liberty of a child of God; and can say, Abba, Father; and find an evidence that your sins are forgiven, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto you. Then you will have peace that the world knows not of.

The veil of darkness will fall back. The City which hath foundation will appear. Contemplation will be sweet. Hope, like an anchor, will keep thy soul. May the great Physician of souls, appear for your help. O follow his directions, and you are sure of finding rest to your soul. Farewell; peace and good will be with you. F. N.

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*Extract of a letter from Thomaston to Northport,  
Maine.*

Respected Madam,

From a sense of duty, I address you upon a subject of the greatest importance, the salvation of the soul. The Holy Bible presents in various ways, a Saviour, Christ the Lord; and of all the means of grace, secret prayer stands the highest in pure reli-

gion. "Ask and ye shall receive." The sacred pages record many examples of sinners, which show us the honor God has put upon the petitions of his people. For what has not prayer obtained? It has turned an angry brother, into a kind friend. Genesis, xxxii. 26. The councils of the wise into foolishness, 2 Sam. xv. 21. Shut up the heavens from rain, 1 Kings xvii. 1. Stopped the course of the Sun, Joshua x. 12. Raised the dead to life, and has only been equalled in its effects by that faith from which it first originated.

Yea, I cannot estimate the advantages derived from an attention to it. Other duties may be entered upon from other motives; but secret prayer in the *closet*, lifting the heart to God, praying to our heavenly *Father* who seeth in secret,—was an indubitable mark given to Annanias of Saul's sincerity; "behold he prayeth!" Job says of the hypocrite, will he delight himself in the Almighty? Will he always call upon God? But the Christian's love draws him to the closet, for there the Lord communes with him. Come and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Prayer talks with God. Prayer is a means of keeping love, peace and joy in the heart, even in the midst of the greatest trials and perils. And no wonder for it is God's own appointed medium.

Call on me in the day of thy calamity, and I will hear. And you, madam, may obtain this in the highest degree. For Paul saith, The same God over all, is rich unto all that call upon him; and whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved!—O let me pray, until prayer is lost in praise.

*Extract from a letter written to a doctress.*

Mrs. N.

Indulge me in my expressions of love and affection for you. They cannot be erased while I have my reason. You have given me a proof of your care for my feeble body ; and it has been no small consolation to me, while taking the medicine prepared by your kind hand, that your prayers are ascending to God on my behalf. I have no faith in medicine, without the blessing of God. And he can restore to health and life, with or without means. But his ordinary way is with means. However simple the medicine, mixed with faith and prayer, will do more in restoring to health, than the most skilful Physician, with the most powerful drug, without faith and prayer. So you may learn, that I am encouraged to trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe.

O then bless the Lord with me, and let us praise his name together. My health is much better than it was, and I desire to *lie humble* at the adorable feet of my Lord, that I may catch the healing streams that flow from his bleeding side. With his stripes I am healed. My soul is filled with a sense of the goodness and love of God. He has regarded the low estate of his handmaid, and brought me through dangers, both by sea and land. He has given me proof, that he can make rough places smooth, and crooked places straight.

Through Christ strengthening me, I can do all things. I have had much bodily weakness and sufferings during my short life ; but God gives me resignation. I am willing to do, or suffer, all his holy will. I tenderly thank you for all your kindness to me, Look for the promise which God has

made you. It is better than gold or silver. A few more days and then he will come. Farewell. May we *meet* in heaven. F. N.

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*Extract of a letter written to a Brother and Sister B.*

Dear Friends,

So I presume to call you; for I have learned from your son and daughter, as also from your own epistle that you are the friends of Jesus. Doubtless you know whom Jesus calls his friends. Now, says he, ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. Are you obeying the commands of Christ? Are you walking in his ordinances? Are you going on to perfection? Are you now enjoying his love? So am I!—Do you feel the flesh warring against the spirit? and do you gain daily victories? So do I!—Have you a bright hope of heaven? So have I!—Do you glory in the cross of Christ? Do you labor for the good of souls? Do you warn them publicly, and from house to house with tears? Do you know how to abound and how to suffer need? So do I!—Have you learned that good and great lesson, in whatsoever state you are therewith to be content? I sometimes fear I have not got it perfect, but I am striving, wrestling and groaning that I may be perfect and entire wanting nothing.—Do you earnestly covet the best gifts, and do you see the more excellent way and desire not to be a whit behind the very chiefest of the saints? So do I!—Do you long to go to heaven, and see all the glorified saints, and holy angels, and Jesus Christ our great high Priest, who has

passed into the heavens, and God the Father with whom the Son is co-equal?—To see all the glory of the heavenly world is what I long for.—Do you patiently wait for that hour when Christ shall say, “Come home ye blessed of my Father, receive the crown which I have purchased with my *own blood*. Well then in your patience possess ye *your souls*.”

“Religion bears our spirits up—  
While we enjoy this glorious hope,  
The bright appearance of our *Lord*;  
And *faith* stands leaning on his word.”

When our work is done and we have finished our course, God will sign and seal the warrant, and send death to unlock the earthly prison,

“And let the ransom’d spirit go  
To grasp the God we seek!”—

Yes, glory to God! our happy spirits will rise on the soft wings of angels, and be conveyed to the paradise of God. There, O there we shall enjoy consummate blessedness in a world without end. Methinks scene after scene new and glorious, will be unfolded to our view, and we shall join in a song that shall never close. John said, “And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass having the harps of God, and they sang the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways thou King of saints.” “After these things (said John) I heard”—

O John, what didst thou hear?—I heard a great voice of much people in heaven saying, Hallelujah, salvation, and glory and honor and power, unto the Lord our God.” Transported with this view of heaven and glory, I am lost in wonder, love and praise. Yes I had almost forgotten that I was writing with pen and ink to mortal friends on earth; but fancied that we had all met in paradise.

Well, my friends, I trust through the grace of God to be made partaker with the saints in bliss above, and there see you face to face, where I shall be enabled to tell you more of the beauties of religion than my mortal tongue can possibly describe. Go on, ye pilgrims of the Lord; the best of the land is before you, and if you follow the Lord fully, as did Caleb of old, he hath said, “I will give it you for an inheritance.” Fear not, neither be dismayed, for the Lord God Omnipotent will go with his servants through this dreary wilderness. Yes, he will be a lamp to thy feet and a light to thy path.

What I have written I have written, hoping that your time may not be spent in vain, while you read these impressions from the pen of a stranger, made in compliance with the request of your son and daughter, J. and B. Partridge, with whom I have formed a short but an agreeable acquaintance, which I trust time nor distance will never efface from my memory, until we renew our acquaintance in *paradise*.

While you have been reading the above, doubtless you have judged me a Christian. So I profess, and can say, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love *thee*. How, indeed, shall I speak his praise. He is Immanuel, which is, being interpreted by St. Matthew, a Jew, and well

acquainted with the Hebrew language, God with us. O what could we ask more? What am I, that God should dwell with me on earth! I am lost in the inquiry, Will God make a sinner *holy*? He will—my heart doth believe he will. Yea, I shall be filled with all the fullness of the *Love of God*. I thirst, I pant to prove, to know more fully, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. He does let me drink of the brook in the way, before I reach the fountain head. Help by your prayers to keep the prize in view, that I may ever be running toward the mark, at which Jesus directs us to aim. I am persuaded that the only way to overcome *sin* and inherit all things, is by enjoying uninterrupted communion with *God*. Even now my soul rejoices in hope that God will perfect what is lacking in me. O trust him with all your hearts—be vigilant in all things; so shall you disappoint the enemy, and bring glory to God.

And now I commend you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

F. N.

THE END.







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